National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XX. NO. 30. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1859. WHOLE NO. 1,018.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,
AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,
AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
107 *North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

THE STANDARD.

THE SATANIC PIETY OF THE LAND.

From The Richmond (Va.) Central Presbyterian.

CASTAWAY CHEEVER.

An extraordinary fatality has befallen the leaders of the abolition crew at the North. Dr. Howe, after taking legal advice, has withdrawn to Canada, Fred. Douglass has sought refuge in England, Forbes has retired to parts unknown, Gerrit Smith has been placed by his friends in a Lunatic Asylum, and Dr. Cheever has been sent by his friends to the Coventry of moral geography. Occupying, as he has done for many years, one of the most costly churches in a fashionable quarter of the metropolis—a property worth a hundred thousand dollars—he has appealed to English charity, and employed a female agent to collect funds in behalf of himself or his Church, we do not exactly understand which. But the unluckly publication of his begging letter to Spurgeon provoked such a storm of ridicule and censure in this country that the act has been repudiated by his own people in New York, and their mendicancy officially disavowed. But, as the unkindest cut of all, even *The Independent*, whose special correspondent poor Cheever has been for many years, now, in the day of his adversity, gives him the cold shoulder. It renders him a little lip service, in the way of compliment for his bravery, fidelity, &c., but this only gives heavier weight to the condemnation which follows. *The Independent* more than insinuates that the enterprise which Cheever has headed in Union Square is a failure —that Cheever himself is an egotist, and a libeller, and contradicted in a matter of veracity by the Trustees of his own Church. It declares that some of Cheever's Congregational brethren have been quite as good Abolitionists as he, and that too "without magnifying their own zeal, or reeding and beggaring their own Churches, or disparaging the force of their own arguments by endless repetitions, *or turning the pulpit into an Ebal, with no answering Gerizim!*" Here is a portraiture of Cheever drawn by his own allies! Here is the great denouncer himself denounced—and that, too, by his own organ—and all his curses come home to roost upon the pinnacles of his own church!

Another of the ring-leaders of treason and insurrection has now been effectually wound up. Howe, Fred. Douglass, Forbes, Gerrit Smith and John Brown, have all been cared for, but what refuge, what asylum can be found for the Osawatomie of the Puritan Church?

From The N. Y. Observer.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

ANOTHER CRISIS: RECIPROCAL RIGHTS AND DUTIES.

The sympathizers with John Brown are fond of ridiculing the idea of danger to the national confederation. They laugh at the danger while they wish to precipitate the fact. They cry "all's well," that the means of salvation may be neglected till it is too late.

We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the raid of John Brown has produced in the South a feeling of hostility toward the North unknown before. We do not gather the evidence of this opinion from the intemperate language of the newspapers, or the speeches of excited politicians who may have political capital to make out of the excitement. We find the evidence in the private letters that come to us from sober, conservative, thoughtful men, who assure us that the best men, even as far North as in Virginia, are ready to abandon the idea of longer union as impracticable. They are brought to this conclusion by the spirit and tone of the Northern radical press on the John Brown invasion. The South has had comparatively little sympathy, when a deep, widespread, powerful, organized conspiracy has been revealed against the peace and lives of the Southern people. We think that the South has judged the North too harshly in this matter. They have taken the ravings of Cheever and Wheelock and the like as types of the Northern pulpit, and *The Independent* and *Liberator* as types of the Northern press. It would be just as fair to go into the Bedlams to get the representative mind of the country. The North has not expressed as much sympathy with the South as it might and should have done. But we know scarcely of a Northern newspaper that has justified the invasion. And out of five hundred pulpits in this city, not *five* would justify it. The few ministers who have preached rebellion are no index to the sentiment, religion or sense of the Northern pulpit. When the "poor miserable vessel," as he calls himself, on Union Square asked, last Thursday,

"If you or I have the power to toss a powder-horn or an explosive biscuit into the region, to start a revolt that would break up and destroy the whole system, would it not be wholly right to toss it?"

he asked a question that showed himself to be without the sympathy of a single honest man in this city. There cannot be a *good* man in the world who would approve of the conflagration which this incendiary would kindle, and exult in. We repeat that these madmen of the press and of the pulpit must not be counted as representative men: rather let them be regarded as fanatics, whose utterances are of no more account than the east wind. But the state of feeling is such at the South that, unless milder counsels prevail, there will be an explosion at an early day. We apprehend that the approaching session of Congress will be one of intense excitement, and that it will be marked by scenes of violence and disorder. No man can say what a day may bring forth, and we would not be surprised to learn that the politicians of the South are already preparing to present a scheme for a Southern confederacy against the North.

In such a state of affairs, it is vitally important that we understand one another. This great people must not be distracted by the madness of fanatics, in or out the asylums. We are, as a people, more homogeneous and compacted in sentiment and affection than any other civilized country. It is not the great mass of the people that is divided. At heart the nation is sound. But we are ruled by demagogues and clamor. It is the curse of democracies that loud voices and strong arms rule. The danger is that a storm of passion will sweep over the country, and prostrate our fabric of States, before reason and reflection can recover their throne. Our duty is plain. We must, at the North, with one heart and voice repudiate and condemn all design or desire to offer violence to the institutions of the South. We must stand by the Constitution as it is. They at the South will repudiate all design or desire to extend the institution of slavery beyond the limits recognized by the Constitution. No legislation to secure additional protection for slavery may be expected in the Union as it is. And we are strongly inclined to believe that the John Brown excitement will tend to bring the North and the South together on this ground. The North will have its own opinions and will express them freely; and if the South chooses to read or hear them, they will hear or read a strong anti-slavery sentiment generally; but the North will stop just there; no more John Browns will rise in our day; no more conspirators will gather at Harper's Ferry; the cowards who urge bolder men to violence will think of the hanging of Brown and his aids, and tremble; traitors will turn into rampant patriots, and none will be louder in denouncing the folly of Brown than the men who helped him to his ruin; *abolitionism* will die with the villains who hatched this conspiracy.

The South will cease to denounce the North as an enemy. It must treat the leaders of disunion as we would treat the sympathizers with John Brown; it must set itself resolutely against the schemes already begun to make this excitement the entering wedge of division; it must believe that the heart of the country is sound, and we are all brethren, willing to bear one another's burdens. With such reciprocal feelings, the present excitement may prove to be a great blessing, I may drive the North and the South into a better understanding and closer bonds of interest and affection. Certain we are that it is not a time *now* for violent men to be heard. We want moderation, judgment, religion, love. We want the spirit of the gospel to abound and prevail, North and South, and by its power all the occasions of anxiety and alarm will be done away.

DR. COX BEFORE THE SOUTHERN AID SOCIETY.

[About one hundred persons assembled in this city recently to celebrate the anniversary of the Southern Aid Society, an association especially designed to bolster up the religion which sanctions the breeding and selling of human beings like colts and calves, and keeping them in such ignorance that they shall not know how to read the Bible or even to spell the name of God or of Christ. Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox, an apostate Abolitionist, made a speech, which *The Times* reports as follows.]

Dr. S. H. Cox regarded the Gospel according to Matthew as a missionary commission, and read from it, to enforce his point. The command, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all the nations," he might paraphrase thus: "Reduce to the condition of learners all the nations—except the Southern States of America." That last was his addition; he couldn't find it in the Bible. Men were equal in one sense, but not in every sense. The whole human race were legally dead; for, says the Apostle, "All have sinned." God gave his only begotten Son that, no matter who believed in Him, black or white, he "should have eternal life." He liked this Society for its principles. Those who would stick at a name, or a letter, would feed on the husk of a cocoa-nut and never get at the kernel. Let them say where was the dividing line to be? Let them show him, and they would find it RED. He could remember the time, before his hair was white, when a newspaper charged it as a heinous crime that politicians had calculated the value of the Union, but now they threw it away recklessly. Was it better to have the Union bisected? They couldn't even find Jeroboam's excuse for it. Its advocates had neither sense, wisdom, statesmanship nor religion—nothing but madness. When called upon to fight the battles that they professed to be willing to encounter, they would be seized with a violent constipation in their patriotic bowels. The history of all wars was that of sparks blowing up to conflagrations. The war between Carthage and Rome was induced by accident. He did not wonder that the South was scared, for the newspapers represent the North as living in fog and fire. They might say the North didn't like slavery —nobody wanted us to like it. But, says the Book, "The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." He could say of his visit to England, what others could say; they had kept talking to him about American slavery, and he had said to his friend John Bull, and all the calves with him, that they had better look after their own original sins than after our actual transgressions. Why, if they would search the houses of Downing street, they would find the robes in which our fathers had protested against the English sending this living Ebony here. They did it in spite of us, and why would not they give us time to get right? He had been asked by a lady to write a letter to Gov. Wise, asking the pardon of John Brown. He had pitied John Brown; he was sorry for him from the bottom of his heart; he was sorry for Gerrit Smith, and for some other people whom he would not name; but he did not think a letter would do any good. He remembered Brown in his prayers; he prayed for God's forgiveness of him and his associates, and that they should remember him who died upon the gibbet out of the gates of Jerusalem, and find out of their last moments that consolation which was found by the dying thief. Gov. Wise could not pardon them, and they must certainly be hanged. If they were crazy and lunatics, he could only wish that had been proven on the trial. But it was fashionable for sinners to plead insanity just as they were about to be punished, and he feared that it would be a gone case with them even with that in the bill of exceptions. Men might wonder that God's Providence could have anything to do with the horrors of the slave trade, and the terrors of the middle passage. But had not God foreordained that his own Son should be murdered? Was God in favor of slavery when he let Joseph be sold by his brothers to be Potiphar's slave? Or was it not that the lives of his kindred should be saved? Had not hundreds of thousands of slaves been brought to the knowledge of the truth? Might it not be God's alternative, saying to man, "If you do not send the Gospel to Africa, I will use these harpies to bring these benighted Africans here, and have them all converted when they get here?" God would thus convert them in spite of man's wickedness. It was a trite saying that a Goth might destroy a palace, but could not build a hovel, and those who were so clamorous for disunion had nothing to lose. Any change was hopeful to such desperadoes. Our motto should be, "United and Free." No doubt it was the policy of England, France and Russia to dismember this Union. He didn't intend to be specially patriotic, but he thought it was a species of patriotism that was connected with religion. If a man wanted to do any good for his country besides praying for it, he ought to bring every inhabitant in a position to feel the influence of the gospel of Christ. There was no liberty like the liberty of soul.

From The N. Y. Observer.

THE N. Y. PULPIT ON THE HARPER'S FERRY INVASION.

On Thursday last, the day of public Thanksgiving, many of the clergy of this city took the opportunity of expressing their sentiments freely on the subject of the recent disturbance of the public peace by the invasion of a neighboring State.

Of the five hundred preachers in the city we have heard of but two who ventured to give the sanction of their pulpits to the support of the highest crime perpetrated in this country since the treason of Benedict Arnold. One of these preachers, of course, was the man who curses from Union Square, and the other is still so obscure that we will not give him the notoriety he would be glad to get by a notice in the newspapers. On the other hand, we hear from a large number of the most commanding, influential, popular and intelligent pulpits of this city that they bore explicit, uniform, earnest and unanimous testimony against the conspiracy in all its features, designs, plans and acts. And with one voice they consented to the sentence of death pronounced upon the conspirators as just and necessary. Whatever may be the difference of opinion as to the policy or expediency of executing the sentence, there is but one opinion among Christian patriots, that these convicted men deserve to die, according to the laws of God and man.

* * * * * * *

We *now* know there is not a handful of men in the North so base as to approve of the John Brown conspiracy and invasion. We thought it might be well to hold public meetings all over the land, to give utterance to the indignation with which the crime is reprobated, but we find no pulpits and no presses entitled to respect which justify it, and we may consider the Thanksgiving sermons of New York as the united testimony of the intelligent Christian people of the North in favor of the Union, the law and the right.

Instead of fearing that the chief conspirator will be deified or even exalted to the rank of a martyr, the day is not distant, and even now is, when every upright, virtuous citizen of these United States, who is not blinded by fanaticism, will regard him and his coadjutors as convicted traitors, whose designs were baffled by the good Providence of God.

"EVANGELICAL" BATHOS.

[Extract from a Thanksgiving Sermon, by the Rev. Dr. Wadsworth, of the Arch Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.]

Thanks be unto God for this American Pentecost! Never were the bonds of our beloved brotherhood so revealed in their strength! Millions upon millions of trustful, loving hearts, from northern snows to southern savannas—from these fair Atlantic dayssprings to yon Pacific golden eves—all lifted up in hallelujahs, above all old trivial jealousies, all strifes of parties, all "rivalries of regions," till we stand together, brothers all, with common prayers and praises for our great common birthright, in His august presence whose eye slumbers not nor sleeps, keeping watchfully and well the city of His love! And who fears now the cry of the bird of night that builds her nest on the battlements?

These prophets of alarm are false prophets, all of them. Abundant indeed they are—crowding press-rooms, and pulpits, and platforms—men mighty to dream dreams, to whom every child's rocket is a flaming comet of wrath, and every mosquito-drone in the night is the burst of the last trumpet—who mistake the rapids of the Blue Ridge for another deluge, and poor John Brown for the destroying angel—looking with bloodshot eyes towards the future, and eloquent with great swelling words of vanity and vexation of spirit. As if the bond wherewith an Eternal purpose holds us together were a spider's web—and our American nationality every fool's football! But believe them not, my brethren—spite of all this scolding cant of shallowness and fanaticism, the great masses—the bone, and sinew, and soul of American life—the countless and ever-increasing majority of men everywhere—east and west, north and south—are wise men, all of them, and will never cut down a mighty oak tree because it overshadows a gourd, nor sell their grand national birth-right for a mess of black pottage.

The great Western Nationality—this glorious creation of God, before whose guiding Shekinah great seas have been parted, and the armies of kings fled discomfited—this young giant of empires and ages, that breasted triumphantly the ocean-surges of old conflicts—*can abide John Brown's raid, and ford Harper's Ferry!*

One of these "wise men of the East," with his "golden mouth" full of curses, wandered hither on a pilgrimage of lamentation over the "lost arts" of the earlier civilization. But sure we are that, amid all our losings, our American civilization hath not lost these two noble arts—perhaps he would call them—of *castramentation* and *cement*—we call them *resisting the devil and sticking together!*

Every year's experience of the working of this American system is strengthening a wise man's faith in its permanency. Such sacrifices of thanksgiving as we offer this day, these mingling and ascending prayers from ten thousand, thousand, thousand hearts, as with chains of adamant are binding us together, and binding us to God! They sanctify this low, selfish, jealous Federation of expedients and compromises into the loftier and immortal brotherhood of Christian adoption! And standing together by these altars in our common Bethel, our selfish earthly glory rises till it is blent and lost in God's own light, and along the ladder of our higher patriotism there are seen the angels of God ascending and descending, and our National Thanksgiving seems but the first outburst of the song of universal praise that, going forth from our Zion, shall pervade all nations, and we will keep in the length and breadth of our land a pentecost unto our God "*with the joy of Harvest.*"

Rev. Dr. Bacon on the North.—Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D., of New Haven, in his discourse to his people on Thanksgiving day, took the opportunity sharply to rebuke what he denounced an unmanly, unpatriotic, unchristian spirit, manifested at the North in regard to the tragical affair at Harper's Ferry. He specified three particulars in which they were in the wrong. First, in deriding the fear occasioned by the invasion; second, in blaming Virginia for maintaining her laws; third, in sympathizing with the insurgents in their unlawful act. On each of these points the Doctor spoke with great plainness and solemnity.

When Dr. Bacon [chief editor of *The Independent!*] takes such ground as this, the whole country may be assured that the public sentiment of the North is in the right direction.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A Good Advertising Agent.—A gentleman in Ohio sends us his own and two other names, making three new subscribers to the *New York Observer*, induced, he says, by the notice of the *Observer* made by Wendell Phillips in his speech at Plymouth Church. From that notice the writer says he infers that the *Observer* must be just the paper they need in his region.

Phillips, in his phillipic, denounced the Constitution, the Church, George Washington, Daniel Webster, and the *New York Observer*. Good company to be in, and to be abused by such a man in such company is the best possible advertising agency that a conservative Christian newspaper can enjoy.—*N. Y. Observer.*

REIGN OF TERROR AT THE SOUTH.

PANIC, PROSCRIPTION AND LYNCH LAW.

SOUTHERN IDEAS OF LIBERTY.

From The Norfolk (Va.) Herald.

Everybody in Virginia knows or ought to know that she has a set a laws for the especial government of her negro population, bond and free, one of which makes it an indictable offence, punishable by fine and imprisonment, to give utterance to abolition language and sentiments. We know that in the so-called free States this interdict is severely commented upon; but if they will persist in sending their emissaries among us to corrupt our negroes and entice them away from their owners, they deserve themselves whatever odium may be attached to such a law, the necessity for enacting which they have enforced upon us. All we ask of strangers coming among us from those States is implicit obedience to our laws, be they good or evil in their eye; if they are not prepared to yield it, let them pack up and quit our borders; otherwise they are to expect no immunity for their disobedience. The thing is very simple, and cannot possibly be misunderstood, we should think, even by a crazy Abolitionist. Yet instances of a disregard of this provision of our municipal code are by no means unfrequent; and two have occured here since that of S. Danneberg, which we mentioned a few days ago. One was of a clerk in a store, a young Scotchman, who strongly advocated the conduct of Old Barabbas Brown. His employer, having more compassion for him than Old Barabbas had for the wives, mothers and children of Virginia, gave him his discharge without subjecting him to an arrest, and, following the advice of a friend, he "took out in the first boat" for the North.

The other was that of a resident on Ferry Point, opposite this city, John Fletcher by name, who came from Washington City some five years ago. On Tuesday last, in the grocery store of his neighbor, Mr. James P. Jones, in the presence of ten creditable witnesses, while in conversation about the Harper's Ferry affair, "he avowed himself an Abolitionist, and asserted that there were many in Norfolk and Portsmouth, but that they were afraid to say so; but he was free, white and twenty-one, and had no hesitation in declaring that if he had five thousand dollars, he would give one-half of it for the release or rescue of John Brown."

The bystanders were highly indignant at such language, and immediately had information of it lodged with T. Portlock, Esq., J. P., who thereupon issued his warrant for the apprehension of Fletcher. The warrant was given to officer John M. Drury to execute, who proceeded to Fletcher's dwelling, and knocked for admittance at the front door; but he made his appearance at a side door, and, being told by the officer that he must go with him, said he would do so, and retired to get his coat and hat; but on his return said he had changed his mind and was determined not to be taken. The officer then attempted to seize him, when he held the door nearly closed with one hand, while with the other he drew a knife, which he held up in a threatening manner, and said, "d— you, if you attempt to enter, I will kill you." Mr. Drury then went and summoned persons to his assistance; and on his return, Fletcher, after consulting with members of his family, and being threatened with a forcible entrance by the posse without, quietly surrendered and was taken off to jail to undergo an examination.

LYNCH LAW MEETING IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

From The Kingstree (S. C.) Star.

A public meeting of a portion of the citizens of Williamsburg District, S. C., was held at Boggy Swamp, at Mr. McClary's store, on Tuesday, the 22d inst., for the purpose of taking the preliminary steps of ridding the community of two Northern Abolitionists, who have been for some time teaching school in said district. The two characters are W. J. Dodd and R. A. P. Hamilton.

Nothing definite is known of their abolition or insurrectionary sentiments, but being from the North, and therefore necessarily imbued with doctrines hostile to our institutions, their presence in this section has been obnoxious, and, at any rate, very suspicious; therefore the meeting was called. On motion, Samuel W. Maurice was called to the chair, and James Potter acted as Secretary. On taking the chair, the Chairman explained the object of the meeting, whereupon, on motion, it was

Resolved, That, in the opinion of this meeting, the presence of W. J. Dodd and R. A. P. Hamilton in this community, under the present critical condition of public affairs, touching the institution of slavery, is obnoxious; and although we entertain great respect for the persons in whose employment they have been, yet we deem their longer continuance here as being so dangerous and suspicious as to be our sufficient apology for taking some coercive measures for their removal.

Resolved, That a committee of twelve be appointed to proceed forthwith to the whereabouts of said Dodd and Hamilton, and give them notice that they will have until Saturday, the 26th, to leave the District.

The chair appointed the following as a Committee to wait upon them:

R. O. Logan, Chairman; T. S. Chandler, Dr. W. L. Wallace, John M. McClary, T. A. McCrea, W. H. Griggs, R. H. Shaw, James Potter, S. J. Strong, Wm. McCullough, Enoch Dudley, James C. Murphy.

Resolved, That another public meeting of all citizens in the District favorable to the move is hereby called in the Court-house at Kingstree, on Saturday, the 26th, at 12 o'clock m, to hear the report of said Committee; and if said gentlemen do not quietly leave, pursuant to notice, by that time, that then such measures of a coercive character will be adopted as in the opinion of said meeting may be necessary to put them off by force.

Resolved, That these proceedings be published in *The Kingstree Star.*

On motion, the meeting adjourned and the Committee proceeded to the performance of their duty instanter.

S. W. Maurice, Chairman.

James Potter, Secretary.

From The Sumter (S. C.) Watchman.

PUBLIC MEETING.

At a public meeting of the citizens assembled on Wednesday afternoon last, at the Town Hall, Col. G. S. C. DeSchamps was called to the chair, and T. W. Dinkins, Esq., requested to act as Secretary. The Chairman, having stated the object of the meeting, asked if gentlemen had prepared business for the consideration of the meeting; whereupon the Chair (in conformity with a motion to that effect) appointed the following Committee to report on business: T. W. Dinkins, D. J. Winn, H. L. Darr, A. Anderson and W. L. Pelot. The Committee, in a few minutes, reported the following preamble and resolution. After discussion, they were unanimously adopted:

Whereas disclosures of an inflammatory character are brought to our notice by every mail, showing that it is time for every slave-holding community to be on the alert for its own security, and protection of its interests; and whereas, notwithstanding the warnings from the press growing out of the present state of the country, stragglers from the North continue to visit and tarry in our town as agents for books, medicines, &c., whose real object may be to act as spies and abolition emissaries; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the citizens of Sumter, in public meeting assembled, do call upon and request our Town Council to institute a rigid surveillance on all such transient persons; and where full satisfaction is not given, to notify such persons that their presence in our community is not to be tolerated.

It was further moved and adopted, that a committee of five be appointed to lay the foregoing preamble and resolution before the Town Council. In accordance with which motion the Chair appointed Messrs. W. E. Dick, L. P. Loring, H. Haynesworth, A. A. Nettles and Dr. J. L. Haynesworth, a committee.

It was also resolved, that the meeting, when adjourned, be adjourned to meet again on Wednesday next, 23d inst., at 11 o'clock, and that an invitation be extended to the citizens of the District to attend and coöperate in measures for the public safety.

G. S. S. DeSchamps, Chairman.

T. W. Dinkins, Secretary.

VIRGINIA INDIGNATION.

A large meeting of the citizens of Barbour and adjoining counties was held at the Court House in Philippi (Va.), on the 7th ult., the same being court day for said County, to express a public sentiment concerning the late insurrection at Harper's Ferry. Among the resolutions passed were the following:

"Whereas we contemplate with shame and detestation the late deadly affray at Harper's Ferry, from which it appears that a treasonable scheme has been for some time in preparation by certain instigators and emissaries of '*Irrepressible Conflict*,' '*Higher Law*,' and Abolition doctrines, whose end and aim is an assault and warfare upon the constitutional and guaranteed rights of the Southern States of our great confederacy; and whereas, by this attack on an arsenal of the United States, in the heart of the nation, and on the soil of our beloved Virginia, encouraged by advices and counsels from individuals in various of the Northern States, and emboldened by the appliances of money, and stores of arms and ammunition, furnished by accessories to this treacherous scheme of plunder and murder, it is evidenced to our belief that no mere riot of deluded fanatics was intended, but that a great, bloody and destructive project of *civil war* was contemplated, in which our servants and citizens, in coöperation with their Northern leaders and abettors of this rebellion, were expected to join in the plunder and butchery of their masters and brothers; therefore,

"Resolved, That we will, at all times, as Virginians and citizens of the United States, hold ourselves ready, as one man, to bear arms, even to death, if necessary, in defence of our constitutional rights, our liberties, and our homes.

"Resolved, That while we deprecate this invasion of Harper's Ferry as the ebullition of a blind and misguided fanaticism, which has resulted in bloodshed and the loss of the lives of valuable citizens of our State and country, we, notwithstanding, assert a confidence in the conservative element and spirit of the mass of the Northern people, and that our brethren there will unite with us in strengthening the bonds of government, the preservation of law and order, and in suppressing the incendiary movements and purposes of an infuriated and misguided portion of their population, who blindly plot the destruction of the Union.

"Resolved, That a committee of thirteen be appointed, whose duty it shall be to notify all persons in our county, known to be Abolitionists, to leave the county of Barbour in sixty days, if there should be any in our county."

A KENTUCKY SYMPATHIZER IN TROUBLE.

The Cincinnati *Commercial*, Nov. 29, has the following:

"We learn that a man by the name of Brown, late a conductor on the Lexington and Danville Railroad, happening to be in May's grocery in Lexington, last week, was bantered by the proprietor on his name, and asked whether he was 'any relation of old Osawatomie.' He replied that he was not, but took occasion to say that he indorsed his sentiments as to slavery. Thereupon the bystanders put him out of the store by violence. Shortly after, he was called on by some pretended friends, who invited him to go to Beard's stable, in Lexington, which he did, and there found a knot of men, who demanded that he should repeat what he had said about slavery. On his doing so, the crowd became very much excited, and told him he had better leave Lexington and the State.

"We are also told that he received an anonymous letter, signed 'Many Citizens,' warning him to leave within three days, with a threat of summary measures being used to eject him if he failed to comply. He left and came to Covington on Saturday, where he met some of the employés of the railroad, who pretended to sympathize with him, but soon advised him not to stay longer in Kentucky.

"He has left for the West, although he would have preferred remaining in Kentucky, had it not been for this intolerant and persecuting spirit. Brown is spoken of by the Superintendent of the Lexington and Danville Railroad as a sober, intelligent and steady man."

ANOTHER ALARM—TORPEDOES DISCOVERED.

The Richmond *Enquirer* reports another important discovery:

"Among the threatening rumors which we have heard daily of revengeful acts, as being in contemplation by the hardened sinners, the friends, admirers and abettors of Old Brown and Company, is the following:

"When all chances for making a successful rescue fail the Abolitionists, they will strive to get satisfaction for the deaths of the miserable beings at Charlestown by sending parcels of death-dealing and explosive materials to the most prominent parties in Virginia who were in favor of the letter of the law being strictly carried out in regard to the condemned prisoners.

"These '*torpedoes*,' or '*infernal machines*,' *are generally made up in most deceptive packages*, and labelled so as to prevent all suspicion of danger on the part of the receiver. The latter naturally undoes the package in a hurry, and, in pulling off the lid or cover, starts some concealed spring or other igniting contrivance, and the whole affair explodes, with the sound and fury of a bomb-shell, dealing death and destruction around.

"Such a killing conception is truly worthy of the fanatical demons who would lend money, means and succor to incite our Southern slaves to rise in rebellion, with midnight, dagger, poison and incendiary's torch to destroy their owners and protectors, with our wives and children!"

NEW YORKERS WARNED AWAY FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Orangeburg (S. C.) *Southron* gives the following account of a warning conveyed to a preacher and two young house-painters, who were suspected of entertaining Abolition sentiments:

"Since Friday last, no less than four individuals, regarded as rather obnoxious to the community, have been ordered to leave the village of Orangeburg, and told that they would have to abide the consequences of remaining after the expiration of a time specified. The first, a young man, a school teacher, and, we believe, a sort of preacher, who gave his name as D. Heagle, from the State of New York, was waited upon by a committee of citizens appointed for the purpose, at three o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday last, and ordered to leave on the five o'clock train, which he accordingly did. The next two were two young men, house-painters, one by the name of Mahon, who also hailed from the State of New York, and the other who signed his name as —— Clarkson, from North Carolina, were waited upon on Monday in the early part of the afternoon, and, in like manner, ordered to leave on the five o'clock train.

"Clarkson was sent off principally on account of his having been engaged the night previous in the disturbance of a religious ceremony.

"The fourth was a book agent, named Day, who made his appearance in the village yesterday forenoon, and was ordered to leave on the one o'clock train for Columbia. Before the arrival of the cars, however, he was seen giving leg bail along the railroad, in the direction of Charleston."

FRIGHT IN KENTUCKY.

From The Louisville Courier, November 22.

The citizens of Frankfort, the capital of the State, and Versailles, in Woodford County, have been excited for some days, but by no means alarmed, at a report of a threatened rising of the negroes in those counties.

On Saturday a despatch from Harper's Ferry, Virginia, advised the Mayor of Frankfort that the negroes, at the instigation of some white scoundrels, designed an attack on that city and Versailles; and that when these places fell, it was their intention to devastate the country around.

The information was obtained through an intercepted letter from an Abolitionist named Day, addressed to Osawatomie Brown. The intelligence was so direct and of such an alarming character that Mr. Hunter, the prosecuting attorney at Charlestown, Va., deemed it his duty to advise the authorities in Frankfort as above.

Immediately on its reception, the Mayor of Frankfort called the trustees together to devise means to avert such a calamity. Precautionary measures were taken in that city, and also in Versailles, by appointing an extra police force patrol for each district in the counties. The new military company organized last week in Versailles were ready to respond with alacrity at the first sound of the tocsin of war.

This Abolitionist Day has been connected with the notorious Delia Webster, who was once in the Kentucky penitentiary for running off negroes. He was driven away from Trimble County some years ago for his negro-stealing propensities.

A FULMINATION FROM VIRGINIA.

The Richmond *Whig* publishes the following amiable exhortation:

Buckingham, Wednesday, Nov. 9, 1859.

To the Editor of The Whig:

In yesterday's *Whig* I notice a paragraph, about eight lines in length, which I do think is worth all that I have seen about Harper's Ferry altogether. You have hit the nail exactly on the head! The article is headed "Abolition Emissaries," and the part which pleased me most is this:

"The truth is, we have no longer any use for the vagabond tourists or itinerant peddlers, of unknown character, who have heretofore found free course among us. And it becomes our citizens to hold all such to account."

Now, that's sense. Them's my sentiments, and I go in for getting rid of the whole crew. A plague upon their whole mass! Don't encourage them; don't buy anything from them; don't employ them in any way—I mean the whole of them, of every description, style, caste and color. If they don't leave, why starve them out! Anything, any way to get rid of them. Amen! A Subscriber.

TWO TRENTON MECHANICS DRIVEN FROM VIRGINIA.

Two tinsmiths of Trenton, who had been hired to go to the vicinity of Charlestown, Va., to do some roofing, returned a few days ago, having been prevented from doing their work and driven by threats of arrest to leave the place. An account of the affair, which appears to be authentic, is as follows:

"A wealthy gentleman of New Jersey, understood to be a Mr. H. J. Garrison, formerly a dry goods merchant at Trenton, who removed to a locality near Charlestown in 1854, or about that time, having concluded to remain permanently at the latter place, had partly built a house, which he designed to cover with a metallic roof. Preferring the work of Northern mechanics, or finding it impracticable to get it done without incurring the considerable expense of bringing them so great a distance, he came on to Trenton and engaged two tin-workers, who had been employed in the hardware establishment of G. Brearly & Co., of that city. Taking them with him, he returned to his Southern home, and the work was about being commenced. But the Virginians had no idea of allowing any such proceeding; nobody knew but that this was a contrivance of the Abolitionists—at any rate it could not be permitted. So they threatened the tin-workers they would arrest them and deal summarily with them if they did not forthwith depart, and the mechanics, to avoid trouble, concluded to go home. Their employer was at the same time informed that his house might remain forever uncovered if he could not get it roofed without sending to the North for Abolitionists to do the work."

EXCITEMENT IN TALBOT COUNTY, MD.

On Sunday last an incendiary letter was picked up in St. Michael's, which purports to give the outlines of an extended insurrectionary movement in Maryland and Virginia. It states the very improbable fact that over 12,000 men are engaged in the crusade, who can instantly recognize each other by a look in the eyes whenever they meet. The plot contemplates the capture of the city of Baltimore by the aid of 40,000 men from the North, the time to be fixed by a State Convention of the crusaders to be held in this city. The name and date of the letter were both torn off. This ridiculous document created great excitement among the good people of Talbot. Patrols were immediately formed in the St. Michael's district, and a strong guard placed in Easton on Sunday night. A public meeting of the citizens of the county took place in the court-house at Easton yesterday afternoon, to take into consideration the existing state of affairs, but we have not learned the result of their deliberations.—*Baltimore Republican, Nov.* 30.

ARREST OF SUSPECTED EMISSARIES.

A correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, writing from Rockville, Md., under date of Nov. 25, says:

"We have one of Brown's sympathizers with us, a man calling himself Wm. McDougal or Dougal. He was committed to our jail on the 23d inst., and had a second hearing on the 24th, before Squire Braddock, of our town, after which he was recommitted, for uttering sympathizing sentiments for 'Old Brown.' The language used was that he thought Brown was doing right, and that he ought to free every negro in the South. He says he was born in Franklin County, Pa., but for the last twelve or fifteen years has been working in Maryland and Virginia. His wife and child are in Cumberland, Md., and his brothers and sisters live in Monroe County, Ohio. He says he had no idea of doing any harm in saying what he did. He was arrested on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, near Seneca. I suppose he is about 30 or 35 years of age, about 5 feet 6 or 7 inches high, and not very stoutly made. B."

A NEW YORK CAPTAIN FINED.

The Richmond *Enquirer*, Nov. 30, says: "The schooner L. Waterbury, Capt. S. A. Swinnerton, of New York, last July, violated the inspection laws of Virginia, and escaped, doubtless believing inspection laws were the greatest of humbugs. She returned to our port last week, when that ever-vigilant Yankee-hunter, W. H. Parker, Chief Inspector, pounced upon the L. Waterbury, at this port, and her captain was compelled to pay $528 fine. The L. Waterbury's cargo was about $750 in lumber from Florida. Rather an unprofitable voyage for an 'enterprising' Yankee.

"This, added to previous fines, swells the amount to $3,000, besides the costs, recovered since last October for violations of inspection laws."

SERGEANT BIRNEY DRIVEN OUT OF THE SOUTH.

The Virginia panic, since the shooting of the cow, seems to have extended into other States. Sergeant Berney, whose career in this city, as a policeman, was brought to a termination some months since, has just arrived on the Columbia, from Charleston.

It seems that the sergeant has been pursuing the business of a merchant in the State of Georgia, and that, since John Brown's capture of Harper's Ferry, the people of his neighborhood have been coasting about to discover any enemies lurking in among them, and that suspicion fell upon the sergeant. He was questioned, and, his answers not proving satisfactory to his inquisitors, he was notified to leave. Our informant states that the alternative was a coat of tar and feathers.—*Evening Post.*

Sent Off.—We learn from a gentleman just arrived from Unionville that the citizens of that place are exercising a commendable vigilance with regard to suspicious characters among them. At a meeting of the Town Council on Wednesday last, three persons, whose movements had been regarded with some suspicion, were ordered to leave the place, within twenty-four hours, or be dealt with summarily. Our informant states that they complied with the order immediately, without even bidding their landlord adieu.

We also learn from the *Kingstree Star* that two printers, caught in the company of some negroes at the depôt in that place, were treated to a ride on a rail, and sent out of town.—*Columbia (S. C.) Guardian.*

Abolitionists.—As it is becoming evident that we have numerous Abolitionists in our midst, tampering with our slaves, it will behoove the planters to be strict with their servants, and not allow them too much latitude during the coming holidays. We are not alarmists, and would not create unnecessary excitement, but we warn the people to be on the alert, and hope that "a word to the wise will be sufficient."—*Vicksburg (Miss.) Southern Sun, Nov.* 22.

Anonymous letters in mourning envelopes, we have information, are being sent through the Newport post-office to Republican residents of that town, warning them to take their leave of the soil of Kentucky. Mr. J. R. Whittemore, a quiet gentleman who resides in Newport, has received a communication, telling him he must leave before the 1st of December or take the consequences, as the citizens are determined to tolerate Abolitionists no longer. A Vicksburg paper says that a school teacher "from the land of wooden nutmegs was tarred and feathered and rode on a rail the other day at Helena, and then set adrift on the turbid waters of the Mississippi on a log, for ventilating his views rather too freely concerning the peculiar institution."

As an illustration of the annoyance and persecution to which strangers are subjected in the scared district of Virginia, it is stated that a Mr. Charles Grattan, of Easton, Md., had hired a house and shop at Harper's Ferry, and he went there with his wife and family, and with goods to open a millinery shop. On his arrival, he was dragged at once to the arsenal and kept in custody, and was subjected to such annoyances for several days that he concluded Harper's Ferry was not a pleasant place to live in, and packed up his goods again and retreated back to Easton, cursing the stupidity and cowardice of the Virginians.

A negro barber, named Wilson, went, a few days since, from his home in Chattanooga to Knoxville, to make a few purchases. He was followed closely and keenly watched by two men of stern visage, one of whom finally drew a fearful knife and rushed at him, exclaiming, "You're Fred. Douglass!" In peril of his life, Wilson took to his heels, hotly pursued by a constantly increasing rabble, and barely escaping a terrible fate by dodging behind a fence and permitting his followers to pass by. He sustained no loss but

THE MARTYRDOM OF JOHN BROWN.

THE VIRGINIA SCAFFOLD.

Rear on high the scaffold-altar! all the world will turn to see
How a man has dared to suffer that his brothers may be free!
Rear it on some hill-side looking north and south, and east and west,
Where the wind from every quarter fresh may blow upon his breast,
And the sun look down unshaded from the chill December sky,
Glad to shine upon the hero who for Freedom dared to die!

All the world will turn to see him; from the pines of wave-washed Maine
To the golden rivers rolling over California's plain,
And from clear Superior's waters, where the wild swan loves to sail
To the Gulf-lands, summer-bosomed, fanned by ocean's softest gale—
Every heart will beat the faster in its sorrow or its scorn,
For the man nor courts nor prisons can annoy another morn!

And from distant climes and nations men shall westward gaze and say,
"He who perilled all for Freedom on the scaffold dies to-day."
Never offering was richer, nor did temple fairer rise
For the gods serenely smiling from the blue Olympian skies;
Porphyry or granite column did not statelier cleave the air
Than the posts of yonder gallows with the cross-beam waiting there;
And the victim, wreathed and crowned, not for Dian nor for Jove,
But for Liberty and Manhood, comes, the sacrifice of Love.

They may hang him on the gibbet; they may raise the victor's cry
When they see him darkly swinging like a speck against the sky;
Ah! the dying of a hero that the Right may win its way
Is but sowing seed for harvest in a warm and mellow May!
Now his story shall be whispered by the firelight's evening glow,
And in fields of rice and cotton when the hot noon passes slow,
Till his name shall be a watch-word from Missouri to the sea,
And his planting find its reaping in the birthday of the Free!

Christ, the crucified, attend him! weak and erring though he be,
In his measure he has striven, suffering Lord! to love like Thee.
Then the vine—thy friends the branches—is he not a branch of Thine,
Though some dregs from earthly vintage have defiled the heavenly wine?
Now his tendrils lie unclasped, bruised, and prostrate on the sod—
Take him to thine upper garden, where the husbandman is God!

DEAN.

—Independent.

THE EXECUTION AND ITS INCIDENTS.

Collated from the Correspondence of The Tribune.

MRS. BROWN'S VISIT TO HER HUSBAND.

THE events of last Thursday caused a more intense excitement than any that have been witnessed in Charlestown. The morning was occupied in the preparation of the field of death, which was marked out with military precision according to the plans of Gen. Taliaferro, with lines for the troops at the distance of fifty yards from the spot selected for the gallows, and distinct positions for the officers of the day, and the Commander-in-Chief. These arrangements were watched with great public interest, but their attraction ended at once, when, at noon, the knowledge that John Brown's wife was expected became general.

On Wednesday night Mrs. Brown arrived at Harper's Ferry from Baltimore. She was accompanied by Mr. Tyndale, and Mr. and Mrs. McKim, of Philadelphia. Mrs Brown's name was not recorded on the register, but was included in the entry "Mr. Tyndale and friend." Mrs. Brown had hardly arrived before speculations were rife as to the identity of her escort. Rumors were afloat that the gentlemen were Henry Ward Beecher, or Wm. H. Seward, or Horace Greeley, but who, to a certainty, they were nobody pretended to know. Every respect was shown them which the tenderness of their mission demanded, and especially under the circumstances of the sorrowing wife about to visit her husband for the last time previous to his being launched into another world by the arm of law.

The following letter and orders of Gov. Wise were in Mrs. Brown's hands:

Letter from Gov. Wise to Mrs. Brown.

RICHMOND, VA., Nov. 26, 1859.

To Mrs. Mary A. Brown—Now in Philadelphia:

MADAM: Yours of the 21st inst., addressed to me from Philadelphia, came to my hand this morning. Believe me, madam, that I sadly thank you for your trust in my feelings as a man. Your situation touches those feelings deeply. Sympathizing as I do with your affliction, you shall have the exertion of my authority and personal influence to assist you in gathering up the bones of your sons and your husband in Virginia, "for decent and tender interment among their kindred."

I am happy, madam, that you seem to have the wisdom and virtue to appreciate my position of duty. Would to God that public considerations could avert his doom, for the Omniscient knows that I take not the slightest pleasure in the execution of any whom the laws condemn. May He have mercy on the erring and the afflicted!

Inclosed is an order to Major-General William B. Taliaferro, in command at Charlestown, Va., to deliver to your order the mortal remains of your husband when all shall be over, to be delivered to your agent at Harper's Ferry, and, if you attend the reception in person, to guard you sacredly in your solemn mission.

With tenderness and truth, I am, very respectfully, your humble servant, HENRY A. WISE.

Gov. Wise to Gen. Taliaferro.

RICHMOND, Nov. 26, 1859.

To Major-General Wm. B. Taliaferro, in Command at Charlestown.

SIR: When John Brown is executed on Friday, the 2d proximo, you will place his mortal remains under strict guard and protect them from all mutilation. Place them in a plain, decent coffin, and have them taken to Harper's Ferry, there to await the orders and agent of Mrs. Mary A. Brown, who has a duplicate of this order. You will also allow the bodies of her sons, who fell at Harper's Ferry, to be disinterred and taken by her or her agent or order.

Respectfully, yours, HENRY A. WISE.

Gov. Wise to the Sheriff.

RICHMOND, Nov. 27, 1859.

To the Sheriff of the County of Jefferson, Va.

SIR: The wife of John Brown, who is to be executed in your county on the 2d prox mo, has requested that his body shall be delivered, after execution, to her. I ask that you will deliver it to a guard under the order of Gen. Taliaferro, who has orders from me to cause it to be conducted to Harper's Ferry, there to be delivered to the widow, or her agent or order.

Very respectfully, yours, HENRY A. WISE.

Assurances were given by the officers at Harper's Ferry that no measures would be taken to prevent Mrs. Brown and her friends from proceeding on the following day to Charlestown. The people, in their sympathy with Mrs. Brown, seemed pleased that a lady friend was to be with her under the trying circumstances in which she was placed; and as one part of her errand was to disinter the remains of her two sons, the propriety of the presence of the gentlemen was cordially acknowledged. The whole party were therefore confident of leaving for Charlestown in the morning. Morning came, however, but instead of the carriage and escort a telegram was received by the officer in command here. It was dated Charlestown, but I am unable to tell by whom it was signed. The telegraphic operator cannot recall the signature, but it was from headquarters, and was in these words:

"Detain Mrs. Brown at Harper's Ferry until further orders, with the lady and two gentlemen, and watch them."

The Harper's Ferry officers were chagrined at this correspondence, after the assurances they had given, but they told Mrs. Brown they were positive a letter of explanation would relieve them of the disabilities thus imposed. I learned at Charleston that for several hours a triangular correspondence by telegraph was going on between Charlestown, Richmond and Harper's Ferry, which ultimated in a despatch from Gen. Taliaferro saying that he had sent a file of dragoons to escort Mrs. Brown, but not the others. The mortification of the citizens of Harper's Ferry was not less than that of Mrs. Brown and her friends at so cruel and unlooked-for an act on the part of the chivalrous sons of Virginia. But as a cow will frighten a private doing sentry duty, one live Northern woman and two Northern men might reasonably be expected to intimidate a Virginia army.

The escort consisted of a file of eight soldiers, under a sergeant. Capt. Moore of the Montgomery Guards, stationed at Harper's Ferry, very kindly offered his own services as a personal escort to Mrs. Brown, and she gladly accepted them. I learn that she speaks in grateful terms of the courtesy of Capt. Moore.

At 4 o'clock, the arrival of the cavalcade was announced, and in an instant the road to the jail was thronged with hundreds of eager gazers. For a brief time the way was obstructed, and the carriage and escort paused before the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief, while a body of troops, with much pomp and circumstance, made clear the way and formed a hollow square reaching from the carriage to the jail. As soon as all was ready, the cavalcade passed on, and, through double rows of pointed bayonets and amid thickly-planted pieces of artillery, the grief-stricken woman found her way to the door beyond which her husband, shackled and fettered, awaited her coming. By Captain Moore, who came with her to Harper's Ferry, she was led into the presence of Gen. Taliaferro, Sheriff Campbell, Mr. Andrew Hunter, and jailer Avis. Here the dreary dignities of formal reception were continued. For fifteen minutes stiff platitudes befel her. With singularly bad taste the Commander-in-Chief assured her that if she should ever be disposed to visit Virginia again, he could cordially invite her to Charlestown, where she would receive true Southern hospitality. Soon after, she was taken aside by Mrs. Avis and searched. It was feared that she had concealed on her person some means of self-destruction for her husband. The bolts were then withdrawn, and, accompanied by the jailer, Mrs. Brown went to meet her husband for the last time.

A few minutes before her admission, Stevens was removed from Brown's cell into one adjoining. In the little interval that remained, Capt. Moore entered to apprise Brown that his wife would soon be with him. Before he left, he asked Brown to indorse a check which had been handed to him by a gentleman who had accompanied Mrs. Brown from the North, but who had been left at the Ferry. The check read thus:

No. 1. PHILADELPHIA, 11th Month, 30, 1859.
($50.) THE CONSOLIDATED BANK.
Pay to JOHN BROWN (now of Virginia), or order, Fifty (00-100) Dollars. JOHN H. CAVENDER.

Brown's indorsement, in his usual firm and bold characters, was as follows:

Pay to the order of MARY A. BROWN. JOHN BROWN.

Gen. Taliaferro, and the other gentlemen constituting the committee of reception, then entered the cell for the purpose of informing Brown that his interview with his wife must of necessity be short. "I hope," said Brown, "that it may be two or three hours." "I do not think," said Gen. Taliaferro, "that I can grant so long a time." "Well," answered Brown, "I ask nothing of you, sir; I beg nothing from the State of Virginia. Carry out your orders, General, that is enough. I am content." The interview was, however, allowed to last four hours.

Mrs. Brown was led into the cell by the jailer. Her husband rose, and, as she entered, received her in his arms. No word was spoken; but, if we may believe Capt. Avis, their silence was more eloquent than any utterance could have been. For some minutes they stood speechless—Mrs. Brown resting her head upon her husband's breast, and clasping his neck with her arms. At length, they sat down, and spoke; and from Capt. Avis, who was the only witness of that sorrowful scene, the following record comes:

John Brown spoke first. "Wife, I am glad to see you," he said.

"My dear husband, it is a hard fate."

"Well, well; cheer up. We must all bear it in the best manner we can. I believe it is all for the best."

"Our poor children; God help them."

"Those that are dead to this world are angels in another. How are all those still living? Tell them their father died without a single regret for the course he has pursued—that he is satisfied that he is right in the eyes of God and of all just men."

Mrs. Brown then spoke of their remaining children, and their home. Brown's voice, as he alluded to the bereavements of his family, was broken with emotion. After a brief pause, Brown said:

"Mary, I would like you to get the bodies of our two boys who were killed at Harper's Ferry, also the bodies of the two Thompsons, and, after I am dead, place us all together on a wood pile, and set fire to the wood, burn the flesh, then collect our bones and put them in a large box, then have the box carried to our farm in Essex County, and there bury us."

Mrs. Brown said, "I really cannot consent to do this. I hope you will change your mind on this subject. I do not think permission would be granted to do any such thing. For my sake, think no more of such an idea."

"Well, well," Brown answered, "do not worry or fret about it; I thought the plan would save considerable expense and was the best."

Mrs. Brown then spoke of Gerrit Smith, and asked if her husband had heard of the affliction that had visited him. Brown answered:

"Yes, I have read something about it."

"Do you know that he is now in the Asylum at Utica?" said Mrs. Brown.

"Yes, I have been so informed; he was a good friend, and I exceedingly regret his misfortune. How is he? have you heard from him lately?"

"Yes, I heard direct from him a few days ago. He was thought to be improving."

"I am really glad to hear it."

Nothing more was said upon this subject.

Mrs. Brown observed a chain about the ankles of her husband. To avoid its galling his limbs, he had put on two pairs of woolen socks. Mrs. Brown said she was desirous of procuring the chain as a family relic. She had already at her home the one with which the limbs of John Brown, Jr., were inhumanly shackled in Kansas, and in which he was goaded on by the Border devils until he was mad, and the chain had worn through his flesh to the bone; and this, too, she desired. Capt. Brown said he had himself asked that it be given to his family, and had been refused.

Capt. Brown gave her his papers and some of his effects before they parted. The effects were but few, and I have not learned what they were. Among the papers was his will, as follows:

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson County, Va., December 1, 1859.

I give to my son, John Brown, Jr., my surveyor's compass and other surveyor's articles, if found; also, my old granite monument, now at North Elba, N. Y., to receive upon its two sides a further inscription, as I will hereafter direct; said stone monument, however, to remain at North Elba so long as *any of my children and my wife* may remain there as residents.

I give to my son Jason Brown my silver watch, with my name engraved on the inner case.

I give to my son Owen Brown my double-spring operaglass and my rifle-gun (if found), presented to me at Worcester, Mass. It is globe-sighted and new. I give, also, to the same son $50 in cash, to be paid him from the proceeds of my father's estate, in consideration of his terrible suffering in Kansas and his crippled condition from his childhood.

I give to my son Solomon Brown $50 in cash, to be paid him from my father's estate, as an offset to the first two cases above named.

I give to my daughter, Ruth Thompson, my large old Bible, containing the family record.

I give to each of my sons, and to each of my *other* daughters, my son-in-law, Henry Thompson, and to each of my daughters-in-law, as good a copy of the Bible as can be purchased at some bookstore in New York or Boston, at a cost of $5 each in cash; to be paid out of the proceeds of my father's estate.

I give to each of my grandchildren that may be living when my father's estate is settled as good a copy of the Bible as can be purchased (as above) at a cost of $3 each.

All the Bibles to be purchased at one and the same time, for cash, on the best terms.

I desire to have ($50) fifty dollars *each* paid out of the final proceeds of my father's estate, to the following-named persons, to wit: To Allen Hammond, Esq., of Rockville, Tolland County, Conn., *or* to George Kellogg, Esq, former agent of the New England Company at that place, *for the use and benefit of that Company.* Also, $50 to Silas Havens, formerly of Lewisburg, Summit County, O., if he can be found: also, $50 to a man of Stark County, O., at Canton, who sued my father in his lifetime, through Judge Humphrey and Mr. Upson of Akron, to be paid by J. R. Brown to the man in person, if he can be found. His name I cannot remember. My father made a compromise with the man by taking our house and lot at Monneville. I desire that any remaining balance that may become my due from my father's estate may be paid in equal amounts to my wife, and to each of my children, and to the widows of Watson and Owen Brown, by my brother. JOHN BROWN.

JOHN AVIS, Witness.

As he handed the papers to her in the cell, he said: "I have something else to add to my statement; perhaps I will have time to do it to-morrow." And turning to Capt. Avis, he said: "What is the hour to-morrow?" "Eleven o'clock," was the answer in a solemn tone.

On looking over the papers received to-day with the body, Mrs. Brown found an addendum in his hand-writing, beginning, "I have time to add," &c., indicating that it must have been written just before he left the jail for the scaffold. The document referred to the affairs of his family.

He requested his wife to make a denial of the statement that had gained publicity, that he had said in his interview with Gov. Wise that he had been actuated by feelings of revenge. He denied that he had ever made such a statement, and wished his denial made known; and he denied further that such base motives had ever been his incentive to action.

In reference to the tombstone alluded to in his will, Brown appeared very anxious. The inscription was drawn up by Brown himself, and handed to his wife, who has it in her possession. Speaking of the parties to whom sums are directed to be paid, he said: "Dear Mary, if you can find these, pay them personally, but do not pay any one who may present himself as their attorneys; for if it gets into the hands of attorneys, we do not know what will become of it."

After this, Mr. and Mrs. Brown took supper together. It was of the plain jail fare, prepared so as to be eaten with his fingers; knife and fork were denied him in the fear that he might use them for self-destruction. The meal occupied only a few minutes. Brown then touched upon other business affairs, until an order was received from the Commander-in-Chief, saying that the interview must terminate. Brown then said: "Mary, I hope you will always live in Essex County. I hope you will be able to get all our children together, and impress the inculcation of the right principles to each succeeding generation. I give you all the letters and papers which have been sent me since my arrests. I wish you also to take all my clothes that are here, and carry them home."

Their last sorrowful meal being concluded, and the time approaching at which they must part, Mrs. Brown asked to be permitted to speak to the other prisoners. But Gen. Taliaferro's orders forbade this, though Capt. Avis expressed a willingness to permit her to see them, even at the risk of violating orders. She declined to see them, under the circumstances. The prisoners were much gratified to learn the fact, and I was informed by Capt Avis that Coppic wrote a beautiful and feeling letter to Mrs. Brown during the morning. It was remarkable for its allusions to Capt. Brown and his trials, and the fulness of sympathy expressed for her and the members of her family, without mentioning his own situation at all.

The bitterness of parting was brief. Mrs. Brown was led away with the utmost consideration by Capt. Avis, and, soon after 7 o'clock, was on her way again to Harper's Ferry. During the passage, Capt. Moore, who sat beside her, did not fail to present to her arguments in favor of the blessings of slavery—pointing out, by way of example, a troop of negroes disporting by the road-side.

After his wife's departure, Brown wrote until midnight, when he retired. At daybreak he resumed his labor with undiminished energy. At 10 1-2 o'clock he was called upon to prepare for his death.

INTERVIEW WITH HIS FELLOW PRISONERS.

Sheriff Campbell bid the prisoner farewell in his cell, the latter returning thanks for the Sheriff's kindness and speaking of Capt. Pate as a brave man.

The prisoner was then taken to the cell of Copeland and Green; he told them to stand up like men, and not betray their friends; he then handed them a quarter each, saying he had no more use for money, and bade them adieu. He then visited Cooke and Coppic, who were chained together, and remarked to Cooke: "You have made false statements." Cooke asked: "What do you mean?" Brown answered: "Why, by stating that I sent you to Harper's Ferry."

Cooke replied, "Did you not tell me in Pittsburg to come to Harper's Ferry and see if Forbes had made any disclosures?"

Brown—"No, sir; you know I protested against your coming."

Cooke replied, "Capt. Brown, we remember differently," at the same time dropping his head.

Brown then turned to Coppic and said, "Coppic you also made false statements, but I am glad to hear you have contradicted them. Stand up like a man." He also handed him a quarter. He shook both by the hand, and they parted.

The prisoner was then taken to Stevens's cell, and they kindly interchanged greetings. Stevens—"Good-bye, Captain; I know you are going to a better land." Brown replied, "I know I am." Brown told him to bear up, and not betray his friends, giving him a quarter.

He did not visit Hazlett, as he has always persisted in denying any knowledge of him.

HE IS LED OUT TO THE SCAFFOLD.

The execution was in the highest degree imposing and solemn, without disturbance of any kind. Lines of patrols and pickets encircled the field for ten miles around, and over five hundred troops were posted all about the gallows. At 7 o'clock in the morning workmen began to erect the scaffold, the timber having been hauled the night previous. At 8 troops began to arrive. Troopers were posted around the field at fifty feet apart, and two lines of sentries further in. The troops did not form hollow around the gallows, but were so disposed as to command every approach. The sun shone brightly, and the picture presented to the eye was really splendid. As each company arrived, it took its allotted position.

On leaving the jail, John Brown had on his face an expression of calmness and serenity characteristic of the patriot who is about to die with a living consciousness that he is laying down his life for the good of his fellow-creatures. His face was even joyous, and a forgiving smile rested upon his lips. His was the lightest heart, among friends or foes, in the whole of Charlestown that day, and not a word was spoken that was not an intuitive appreciation of his manly courage. Firmly and with elastic step he moved forward. No flinching of a coward's heart there. He stood in the midst of that organized mob, from whose despotic heart petty tyranny seemed for the nonce eliminated by the admiration they had in once beholding a man—for John Brown was there every inch a man.

As he stepped out of the door, a black woman, with her little child in arms, stood near his way. The twain were of the despised race, for whose emancipation and elevation to the dignity of children of God he was about to lay down his life. His thoughts at that moment none can know except as his acts interpret them. He stopped for a moment in his course, stooped over, and, with the tenderness of one whose love is as broad as the brotherhood of man, kissed it affectionately. That mother will be proud of that mark of distinction for her offspring, and some day, when over the ashes of John Brown the temple of Virginian liberty is reared, she may join in the joyful song of praise which on that soil will do justice to his memory.

The vehicle which was to convey Brown to the scaffold was a furniture wagon. On the front seat was the driver, a man named Hawks, said to be a native of Massachusetts, but for many years a resident of Virginia, and by his side was seated Mr. Sadler, the undertaker. In the box was placed the coffin, made of black walnut, inclosed in a poplar box with a flat lid, in which coffin and remains were to be transported from the county. John Brown mounted the wagon, and took his seat with Captain Avis, the jailor—whose admiration of his prisoner is of the profoundest nature. Mr. Sadler, too, was one of Brown's staunchest friends in his confinement, and pays a noble tribute to his manly qualities.

From the time of leaving jail till he mounted the gallows stairs he wore a smile upon his countenance, and his keen eye took in every detail of the scene. There was no blenching nor the remotest approach to cowardice or nervousness. His remarks have not been correctly reported in the Baltimore and New York papers. As he was leaving jail, when asked if he thought he could endure his fate, he said, "I can endure almost anything but parting from friends, that is very hard." On the road to the scaffold, he said, in reply to an inquiry, "It has been a characteristic of me from infancy not to suffer from physical fear. I have suffered a thousand times more from bashfulness than from fear." I was very near the old man, and scrutinized him closely. He seemed to take in the whole scene at a glance, and he straightened himself up proudly, as if to set to the soldiers an example of a soldier's courage. The only motion he made, beyond a swaying to and fro of his body, was that same patting of his knees with his hands that we noticed throughout his trial and while in jail. As he came upon an eminence near the gallows, he cast his eyes over the beautiful landscape and followed the windings of the Blue Ridge Mountains in the distance. He looked up earnestly at the sun and sky, and all about.

"What a beautiful country you have," said Captain Brown to Captain Avis.

"Yes," was the response.

"It seems the more beautiful to behold because I have so long been shut from it."

"You are more cheerful than I am, Capt. Brown," said Mr. Sadler.

"Yes," said the Captain, "I ought to be." He continued, "I see no citizens here—where are they?"

"The citizens are not allowed to be present—none but soldiers," was the reply."

"That ought not to be," said the old man; "citizens should be allowed to be present as well as others."

Upon reaching the gallows he walked, never faltering in his step, to the platform, and waited in silence for the completion of the necessary arrangements. With a graceful motion of his pinioned right arm, he takes the slouched hat from his head and carelessly casts it upon the platform by his side. When the cap was about to be put over his head, he bade farewell to those who stood by him with evident deep feeling. In the adjustment of the rope, Capt. Avis was as speedy as was possible, Brown remaining all the while motionless. I know that every one within view was greatly impressed with the dignity of his bearing. I have since heard men of the South say that his courageous fortitude and insensibility to fear filled them with amazement.

John Brown is ready to meet his God, but Virginia is not yet quite ready to kill him! The military have yet to go through some senseless evolutions, and near ten minutes elapse before Gen. Taliaferro's chivalrous hosts are in their proper position, during which time John Brown stands with the cap drawn over his head, and the hangman's knot under his ear.

Each moment seems an hour, and some of the people, unable to restrain an expression of their sense of the outrage, murmur "Shame!" "Shame!"

At last Virginia troops are arranged *a la mode.*

"Capt. Brown, you are not standing on the drop—will you come forward?" said the Sheriff.

"I can't see," was the reply; "you must lead me."

The Sheriff led his prisoner forward to the centre of the drop.

"Shall I give you a handkerchief, and let you drop it as a signal?" inquired the Sheriff.

"No; I am ready at any time; but don't keep me waiting needlessly," was the reply.

At length Col. Scott gave the signal, Sheriff Campbell severs the rope with his hatchet, the trap falls with a horrid screech of its hinges, and the unfortunate man swings off into the air.

There was not one spasmodic effort of the hands to clutch at the neck, but for nearly five minutes the limbs jerked and quivered. He seemed to retain an extraordinary hold upon life. One who has seen numbers of men hung before told me he had never seen so hard a struggle. After the body had dangled in mid air for twenty minutes, it was examined by the surgeons for signs of life. First the Charlestown physicians went up and made their examination, and after them the military surgeons, the prisoner being executed by the civil power and with military assistance as well. To see them lifting up the arms, now powerless, that once were so strong, and placing their ears to the breast of the corpse, holding it steady by passing an arm around it, was revolting in the extreme.

And so the body dangled and swung by its neck, turning to this side or that when moved by the surgeons, and swinging, pendulum-like, from the force of the south wind that was blowing, until, after thirty-eight minutes from the time of swinging off, it was ordered to be cut down, the authorities being quite satisfied that their dreaded enemy was dead. The body was lifted upon the scaffold and fell into a heap as limp as a rag. It was then put into a black walnut coffin, the body guard closed in about the wagon, the cavalry led the van, and the mournful procession moved off to the jail.

VARIOUS PARTICULARS.

Throughout the whole sad proceedings the utmost order and decorum reigned. I think that when the prisoner was on the gallows, words in ordinary tones might have been heard all over the forty-acre field.

The rope was arranged so as to give the body a fall of just eighteen inches—scarcely enough, it was thought by some, who expressed a desire that he might fall ten feet, so as to insure his death beyond a peradventure. His hold on life was strong. He did not die easily, judging from appearances and the testimony of experienced men. The animal heat remained in his body so long, that although it was to have left under escort of a detachment of the Richmond Grays at 5 o'clock, the physicians detained it an hour and a half longer to cool. I heard it suggested by a Captain that a good dose of arsenic should be administered to the corpse to make sure work, and many others wished that at least the head should be cut off and retained by them, since the body was to be embalmed, and, on gorgeous catafalques, carried in procession through Northern cities. This amiable bloodthirstiness is on a par with that of the students at the Winchester Medical College, who have skinned the body of one of Brown's sons, separated the nervous and muscular and venous systems, dried and varnished them, and have the whole hung up as a nice anatomical illustration. Some of the students wished to stuff the skin, others to make it into game pouches. They had better not stuff it, for if the occupant gave them so bad a scare that it requires nearly three thousand troops to quiet them, the very dried skin stuffed with straw would keep them at least in a perpetual tremor.

The neck was not broken, and the medical examiners declined certifying to death having taken place until after a further examination to be held at the jail at 3 p.m. Dr. Mason held to the opinion that it was possible in such a case to restore life by galvanic action. It was supposed, however, that strangulation took place after less than four minutes suspension.

The rope left no mark of abrasion on the neck. The eyes of the corpse were open, but not staringly so. The mouth was also open and would not close. The face was not unnaturally distorted, though the blood vessels were somewhat distended, as occurs in death by strangulation.

The rope used to strangle Brown was only three feet long. It was of hemp, made in Kentucky, and sent in a box to Sheriff Campbell by a planter for this express purpose. Other ropes had been sent from other sections. One made of South Carolina cotton, in Alexandria, has already been publicly noticed. This would have been preferred beyond all others, because of the eminent fitness of the moral it conveyed for the consideration of all sympathizers with this deluded *Abolitionist!* But Providence willed it otherwise; for it was found on trial unable to sustain a much less weight than that of a man's body. Another, almost as great a pet with our Charlestown friends, was of hemp, made in Missouri by the slaves of Mahala Doyle, and sent by her with a particular request that, for the sake of retributive justice, it might be used to hang the man who, she asserts, murdered her husband and two sons. This was tried in the balance, but found wanting also. So the precious gift from Kentucky was applied to the purpose.

The body was placed in the coffin (of black walnut) and this again in its "shell" of white-wood. This exterior casing bore the pencilled lettering, "JOHN BROWN, Esq.," doubtless an achievement of the undertakers. At 6 o'clock in the evening the corpse was taken from the jail and conveyed in an extra train to Harper's Ferry, where Mrs. Brown was awaiting it. She stopped at the Wager House, and in the morning she proceeded North by the three o'clock train.

Some time before his execution, it will be remembered, on being asked if he had any desire to have a clergyman administer to him the consolations of religion, he said: He did not recognize any slaveholder, lay or clerical, or any man sympathizing with slavery, as a Christian. He gave the same reason afterwards for his refusal to accept the services of some clergymen who called upon him. He said he would as soon be attended to the scaffold by blacklegs or robbers of the worst kind as by slaveholding ministers, or ministers sympathizing with slavery, and that if he had his choice, he would prefer being followed to the scaffold by barefooted, barelegged, ragged negro children, and their old gray-headed slave mothers, than by clergymen of this character. He would feel, he said, much prouder of such an escort, and wished he could have it. He told clergymen who called upon him that they, and all slaveholders and sympathizers with slavery had far more need of prayers themselves than he had, and he accordingly advised them to pray for themselves, and exhibit no concern about him. While making these remarks, he requested that he might not be understood as designing to offer any insult.

The field is not more than a half mile from the jail, from the windows of his cell in the second story of which Cooke had an unobstructed view of the whole proceedings. He watched his old Captain until the trap fell and his body swung into mid-air, when he turned away and gave vent to his feelings.

The number of spectators, aside from the military, was not large, perhaps a couple of hundred in all, and these, with the exception of the members of the press and some half-dozen privileged civilians seated upon the gallows steps, were excluded from the field. Not a female was to be seen by the naked eye in any direction, but by the aid of a glass some few were observed at the windows of distant dwellings. A few colored people were seen along the road skirting the field, apparently slaves, sent by their masters to learn a salutary lesson. Almost every tree in the vicinity was loaded down with boys. The appearance of a single carriage upon the field, bearing a crippled man, attracted attention. It proved to be Samuel C. Young, of Harper's Ferry, one of the citizens wounded by Brown's men, and permitted, therefore, to enter the lines as a spectator.

THE SPIRIT OF VIRGINIA.

From The Richmond Enquirer.

'TIS DONE.

VIRGINIA has vindicated her outraged laws, by the execution of John Brown, the leader of the Harper's Ferry raid.

We allude to the execution not for the purpose of exultation; we hope we are incapable of entertaining any such feeling; "we vex not his ghost," but in recording the event, we desire the abolition world to know that their offers of bribe, their proffers of political preferment, their threats of vengeance, their entreaties for mercy, have all proved of no avail.

If the execution of a criminal makes that felon a martyr, Virginia is prepared to incur all the consequences of that martyrdom; if from his grave come the bloody results to the South, so often threatened; if from his blood spring the armed assassins of abolition revenge, we have only to say, Virginia will meet the results with *ropes*, for which South Carolina grows the cotton, and Kentucky the hemp.

We hope conservatism will now rally to the cause of the Union, and exhibit some of that influence so often boasted, as still potent at the North. Conservatism has given place to lunaticism long enough; it is high time to assert its pretended supremacy, or acknowledge its real impotency. We hope the gallows of John Brown may as effectually rally the conservatives, as it assuredly will the fanatics.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, AND NATIONAL BAZAAR.

THIS BAZAAR will be opened in Concert Hall, in the city of Philadelphia, on Monday evening, the 12th, and will continue until Saturday, the 17th of December.

A large assortment of useful and fancy articles will be offered for sale, at market prices. Among them is a large collection of gifts from the friends of our cause in Europe.

The Tables will be abundantly supplied with varieties of Children's Clothing, Ladies' Hoods, Nubias and other Head Dresses, articles of Leather and of Worsted Work, Engravings, Drawings and Paintings, etc. etc.

The Book Table will be abundantly supplied with Books and Stationery, and the Toy Table will possess its usual attractions for the little visitors at the Fair.

Among the curiosities of the Collection will be a preparation of Skeleton Leaves, of great beauty and delicacy; a few exquisitely painted Pebbles, for paper weights, valuable Autographs, etc. etc.

The Managers invite the attendance of the friends of Freedom, generally, and would suggest to all such that, by the purchase, at an Anti-Slavery Fair, of their Holiday Presents, and such other articles as they may wish to procure at this season, they may, without an extra outlay of money, effectively aid the poorest of the poor, the American slave.

Admission Fee, 15 cents; Season Tickets, 50 cents.

ANTI SLAVERY MEETINGS will be held in Philadelphia, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th and 15th of December, commencing at 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning.

The place for holding these meetings will be advertised in the daily papers.

THE HERO AND THE MARTYR.

ANOTHER Hero's name is written on the roll of History! Another Martyr has joined the hosts of the Noble Army who have conquered in death! The homely name of John Brown is henceforward an immortal one and his memory safe among the priceless treasures of mankind. The superb consistency of his life, and the sublime constancy of his death have melted all generous souls everywhere into one common admiration, from which even his enemies, thirsting for his blood, could not entirely withhold their tribute. His enterprise may have been rash, desperate, fanatical; but no one can say that it was sordid or selfish. No mean ambition, no venal avarice, inspired it. If rash, it was the sublime rashness of self-devotion for others; if desperate, it was the glorious desperation which counts life cheap when a great duty is to be done; if fanatical, it was the sublime fanaticism which sees nothing in nature but a great principle, which it recognizes as the guiding voice of the Living God. There is nothing to grieve over in such a death. It is in itself a victory and the harbinger of greater yet to come.

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

John Brown was content to die, when death met him on the road which the hand of God, as he believed, pointed out to him. He believed that he was ordained for the end of giving liberty to the American slaves, and his faith was not shaken by the fact of his apparent defeat and certain death. He looked beyond the grave and saw that it might be only the appointed means for the fulfilment of his mission. We cannot tell what his life might have brought forth, but we are sure that very few lives have ever been blest with such influences as have even already gone forth from his captivity and his death. He struck but a single blow at the postern-gate of the Castle of Despair, but that blow shook the frowning mass from foundation to battlement and gave a new life of hope to the wretches pining in its dungeons. Who can say that his life could have done more for the accomplishment of the great deliverance to which he had given himself up, than his death has done and will yet do? He had no wavering in his faith up to the moment he was done to death, and why should we that survive him? It is but the regular method by which Providence proceeds in its designs, if we may judge of the present and future by the past. The path of freedom has ever been beset by axes and blocks, racks and gibbets, stakes and faggots; why should that which conducts her to the emancipation of the nation held in worse than Egyptian bondage in this Republic, be strewed with roses and blest only with sunshine?

There are many particularities wherein John Brown and his enterprise differed from the men and the attempts of former times, now dear to memory as associated with the holy name of Liberty. The steel of Brutus yet gleams with a light unquenched by two thousand interposing years, and the shaft of Tell is as bright to the eyes of this generation as when he sharpened it for the heart of the tyrant. Vane, and Sydney, and Russell are names which stand rubric on the Kalendar where Freedom enrolls her saints and martyrs. All of these names are glorious and immortal because they lived or died for the liberty of mankind. But the dagger of Brutus and the arrow of Tell were made ready to destroy tyrants for the recovery of their own liberty which had been wrested from them. Vane, and Sydney, and Russell laid down their heads upon the block because they were the known champions of Constitutional Liberty, and their blood was demanded to swell the terrorism by which tyrants ever strive to make tyranny enduring. But the liberty for which they lived and for which they died was the liberty of themselves and their own class and their own children. Illustrious and venerable names they are, which ennoble the lips that name them! To them England owes the glorious heritage of freedom she enjoys, and we the shreds of it which our slavery has left us, and of which it is her single aim to strip us. The blessings of all posterity justly abide upon them forever.

But John Brown gave his labors and his life not to the vindication of his own rights, not to the recovery of liberties which had been wrested from him and his, not to secure the birthright of his own children and kindred, but to deliver a despised and down-trodden race of men, with whom he had no affinity of blood, no ties of ancient friendship, no community of descent, who had done him no service and could render him no reward. This is the grand distinction which places him at the head of all the heroes that have fought and died for liberty. They fought and died for their own; he, for that of others, whose only claim upon him was that they were men, and they had all one human heart. The great Englishmen whose names outshine those of all their contemporaries on the scroll of History, had they lived and triumphed, would have had the reward in their lifetime which has been bestowed upon their graves. Honors, power, everything that the heart of man desires, would have been theirs, and justly theirs. The poetical justice of their reward would have been gladly recognized by contemporaries and posterity. But John Brown had no such hope as this. The men for whose deliverance he toiled and died had nothing to give him but their gratitude, in his life, as they have nothing but their tears to bestow upon his death. He died for others—not, we are sure, for the unthankful and the evil—but he gave all for them that could give him nothing again. Was it indeed a blasphemy (as base men say) or an inspiration which a great man uttered when he said that this death of John Brown "would make the gallows glorious like the cross"?

Personal courage is not a rare virtue. Pay and rations can procure any quantity of it in the market, where the risk ends with the fight. Filibustering expeditions into hostile and unwholesome lands can be recruited to almost any extent from the scum and dregs of our cities. They take the risk in the hope of making their fortunes. All such men have a strong and recognized public sentiment to sustain them. But John Brown had no hope but in God, his own brave heart and good right arm. If he succeeded, he did but deliver from bondage certain captives who had no ransom to give him. No fair lands tempted him onwards, no golden or silver hopes beckoned him forward, no prospect of Governorship, or Senatorship, or Presidency lured him to his doom. He staked his life and, losing the game, laid it down, for the most abject and despised of the race. He had nothing to tempt him but the belief that he was doing the will of God, in which he should find his own exceeding great reward. For he was deeply religious—not with that religion which tithes mint and anise and cummin and neglects the weightier matters of the law of God, but he was one that loved God and his neighbor, and saw his neighbor in him that had fallen among thieves, robbed, wounded and left half dead. His religion taught him that he served God the best when he strove to serve his fellow-man the most; and he was neither offended nor cast down when he found that the path of duty led him to the grave. He believed that

"suffering for the Truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory;
And to the faithful, death the gate of life."

This is a theme which demands a volume to expound it aright, in all its bearings.

HONORS TO THE MARTYR.

MANIFESTATIONS OF SYMPATHY IN VARIOUS PLACES.

THE day made illustrious in the annals of Freedom by the Martyrdom of John Brown was marked in many places in the free States by appropriate and solemn demonstrations of sympathy and honor. From the numerous and, in some cases, extended reports before us we compile the following brief sketches—brief for lack of room.

NEW YORK.

In this city there was not, for various reasons not necessary to be explained, any general or concerted demonstration. The Church of the Puritans (Dr. Cheever's) voted to observe the day as one of special humiliation and prayer. A meeting was held in the Lecture Room from 10 to 12 a. m.—embracing the time at which the terrible tragedy took place—which the public were invited to attend. The time was occupied in solemn prayer (vocal and silent), in reading from the Scriptures, in singing and in brief addresses. It was a season which can never be forgotten by any one who was present, and to which no description can do justice. The house was full, many besides members of the Church of the Puritans being present. Dr. Cheever presided. In the evening the Church itself was thronged by anti-slavery people of various classes, all pervaded, apparently, by a common sentiment of admiration and reverence for the character of the Martyr and of abhorrence for slavery. The time was spent in reading the Scriptures, singing, prayer and unpremeditated addresses. The meeting was pervaded by the solemnity which the occasion was fitted to inspire, and yet, when noble thoughts were uttered in fit words, the audience could not be restrained by merely conventional considerations from responding by hearty cheers. Among those who spoke were Dr. Cheever, Harmon Kingsbury, Esq., Rev. C. J. Warren, the Rev. Mr. French, Rev. J. R. W. Sloane, Rev. H. Mattison, Oliver Johnson, and some others whose names we did not learn. The sum of $100 00 was contributed during the day for John Brown's family.

The colored people held a deeply interesting meeting at Shiloh Church in Prince street.

PHILADELPHIA.

In Philadelphia there was an immense gathering in National Hall. The street in front of the hall was crowded by an excited multitude long before the hour of meeting; and in a few minutes after the doors were opened, every seat and every standing-place was filled. The great majority of the audience were in sympathy with the object of the gathering, but many were there whose hearts were filled with hatred of John Brown and of the cause in which he suffered. James Mott presided. Rev. W. H. Furness offered prayer, after which he spoke as follows:

"Brothers, sisters, fellow-citizens: This month of December is memorable, historical. On the 14th comes the anniversary of George Washington, who, living, led the Insurrection of these Colonies against the mighty British Empire, an enterprise at the time as truly insane as John Brown's in Virginia; dying, Washington gave liberty to his slaves. On this day dies John Brown, who, living, bore the yoke of the oppressed in his heart for twenty years, and, dying, gives his blood in which to write for four millions of slaves an act of manumission which the Providence of God will execute.

"That you may see that the religious spirit of John Brown is no sudden growth, I will read to you first a short extract of a letter written by him to his family thirteen years ago, when one of his children perished by fire."

[This extract, with other letters read on the same occasion by Mr. Furness, will be found on the fourth page.]

Mr. THEODORE TILTON of New York (of *The Independent's* editorial staff), being present, was invited to address the meeting. As he rose to speak, the bell on Independence Hall struck 12.

Mr TILTON said: I have listened to the striking of your city bell! Who knows but it marked the very hour and moment when the gate of Heaven was opened, and the spirit of a new martyr passed in! To-day the nation puts to death its noblest citizen! (Cheers and hisses.) What is his crime? Guilty of what? Guilty of loving his fellow men too well! (Applause and hisses.) Guilty of a heart of too great human kindness! Guilty of too well "remembering them that are in bonds as bound with them!" Has the brave old man still a few moments more of life? Then, though he cannot hear our words, let us say, "God bless him, and farewell!" (Applause and hisses.) But if the last sad moment is already passed, what then remains? I know not what is left for you, but as for me, I feel like throwing roses upon that scaffold and that coffin! (Mingled applause and hisses, which continued for some moments, during which the speaker advanced to the edge of the platform, and folded his arms.) Honor! thrice honor to the good Christian who to-day dies in the faith! It is the hour not of his defeat, but of his triumph! Our hearts are large for him to-day!

But what can I say? This is a time for silence rather than for words. We are standing by the old man's open grave, waiting for his body to be buried. When friends gather together to speak of a good man who has departed, every one has some word to utter which is peculiar to himself, and which best expresses what is each man's most grateful and endearing memory of him who has gone. My own tribute to John Brown, which I offer on this day of his death, is gratitude for the influence which his heroism, his fortitude, and his faith have exerted upon my religious life. I have been made a better Christian by that man's life and death. His own great faith has strengthened mine. His own great courage has quickened mine. His Christian example of devoutness, and unwavering heroism and patience—in the prison, under his wounds, in the prospect of the gallows—all this has inspired me to a higher religious life. It has kindled within my heart a greater love to God and to my fellowman! John Brown was a Christian long before the great eye of the world was set on him; for, from his sixteenth year to his fifty-ninth, to-day, he has been a true and honored member of the Church of Christ. The world has not watched all that long career, but it has seen enough in a few days in his prison to make it wonder and admire. You remember how he received the Governor of Virginia. He stood in his presence as Paul stood before Agrippa, not wishing to exchange places, but holding out his hand and saying, "I would that thou wert altogether as I am, save these bonds" (applause). You remember how he received his sentence. When the Earl of Argyle who, with his own hands, had put upon the head of Charles II. the Crown of England, was afterwards condemned to death by the same king, the stern old Presbyterian, on receiving his sentence, arose in court and said, "The king honors me with a speedy gratitude; for while I helped him only to a crown which must shortly perish, he hastens me to a crown that is incorruptible, and that fadeth not away." So that other stern old Presbyterian, who dies this day in Virginia, arose in court and uttered a speech of equal heroism and moral grandeur—a speech that will go down to the end of time with all the grand words of all the world's heroes (applause and hisses). I cannot look upon his steadfastness without first marvelling, and then thanking God. John Brown was a Puritan—the sixth in descent from the band of Pilgrims who stepped on Plymouth Rock. I think of him and go back to old Bishop Hooper of English history—the first Puritan—the father of the Pilgrim Fathers—who, when he was condemned to death for conscience sake, wrote in his cell at Newgate, "I have spoken the truth with my lips; I have written it with my pen; I am ready to confirm it, by God's grace, with my blood!" John Brown's letters, written in his cell at Charlestown, bear in every line the same heroic testimony to God's truth! (Applause, mingled with loud hisses.) It is this high and grand faith in God that has sustained him in the long hours of his imprisonment, from the beginning until to-day, that now ends them forever. And to-day I have no fear how he mounted that scaffold. I have heard no news, but I believe in my soul that when it comes, it will tell of no faltering, no tremulous step, no recantation—nothing but faith, constancy, cheerfulness, heroism! When the great Marquis of Montrose, who suffered in Scotland for the cause of Church and King, was led to execution, it was a day of dark skies and threatening storms, but as he approached the scaffold the sun for a moment broke through the clouds and shone full upon his head, as if the Divine glory had come to crown the saint before the martyr! And he mounted the ladder, as if it had been the ladder which Jacob saw and walked straightway up into Heaven. So to-day, amid the greater clouds and shadows that have fallen upon our sad hearts, I believe that a light brighter than the sun has shone upon the old man who has this day gone to the gallows, and that as he looked up for the last time toward the heavens over his head, God's glory smote him on the face (cheers and hisses). Do not think that he died a dishonorable death Did you notice, in the letter which Dr. Furness read, the little line to his wife, "Think that no ignomy has fallen upon you or upon your children, because I have come to the scaffold!" Ah! the scaffold is a throne greater than a king's." They who suffer upon it rule the world more than emperors! Mr. Hale, in his lecture last evening, said, "The highest province of history is to vindicate a good man from obloquy and reproach." To that impartial history which vindicates the martyrs and turns their martyrdom into glory, we commend to-day the name and memory of the martyr, John Brown (applause and hisses). The deed of this day will not die! It will live in history as long as there shall be a history for heroes! Said Latimer to Ridley when the blaze of martyrdom was wrapping them around like a garment, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley; we have this day lighted a candle in England which, by God's grace, no man ever shall put out!" This scaffold in Virginia shall stand as long as the world shall stand! No man can ever blot it out, or put it away! It will abide for ever as the monument of a Christian man who lived a hero and died a martyr, and whose name, to-day bequeathed to history, shall go down through the world gathering increasing honors through all coming time! (Great clapping and hissing.) I recall at this hour of noon those beautiful words of the New Testament, on the story of Paul, struck down on his way to Damascus, "*At midday, O King, I saw a great light!*" I pray God that at this hour of mid-day, at this solemn and awful moment of death, this nation may be struck down upon by the sudden glory of God bursting out of Heaven—and that it may be humbled in the dust until it shall rise repentant, and the scales shall fall from its eyes, and the whole nation shall stand at last in the light and liberty of the sons of God! (Applause and hisses, during which Mr. Tilton took his seat).

MARY GREW followed Mr. Tilton. *The Press* says, "she spoke in a clear, pleasant voice, and was listened to with great attention." This is the only report of her remarks:

Our dying brother had taught us a lesson of faith, dignity and unswerving courage. He has also taught us, at this hour, a lesson of undoubted self-sacrifice for the love of humanity. And by that love is the whole world to be saved, though every bar should be placed in its way. We must be baptized in the spirit of that love if we would come up to the level of our high destiny. Another great lesson our brother has taught us is that we should be no respecters of persons—that all men are equal children of God Almighty. If we would do our duty, we must hold to our hearts the poorest and most oppressed of all humanity. Another lesson is that the sword by which moral reforms are accomplished is the *sword of the Spirit*, and not the sword of carnal warfare. The force of bullets is soon spent, but the power of a Great Idea is eternal. There is no power like that of the spoken word of Truth, and the Truth acted out in our lives. And we should ponder whether we are ready to suffer and to die if it is our duty in testifying against American slavery. Are we strong enough for this, through our Lord Jesus Christ? She thanked God for that music that comes pealing to us across the centuries from heroic lives and more heroic deaths of martyrs who have died for the Faith.

LUCRETIA MOTT next spoke. *The Press* says:

"She alluded, in commencing, to the danger hovering over our country by reason of the great sin of American slavery. The natural consequence of this wrong-doing would be proclaimed to us by the sword and bloodshed. She was no preacher of the milk-and-water, passive spirit of non-resistance to wrong. Her Quaker principles were of the Boanerges order, like the sons of the Morning, who never flinched before error (applause and hisses). After censuring that spirit of tacit adherence to slavery manifested by those who supported the Constitution and enjoyed the elective franchise, she concluded."

ROBERT PURVIS made the closing speech. He was interrupted somewhat, but his eloquent words were heard by the larger part of the audience, and heard, too, with satisfaction. The interruptions were, of course, somewhat annoying, but a friend who was present assures us that the meeting was a great success, marking a new era in the progress of the cause in that city.

Another friend writes: "The meeting was unprecedented in Philadelphia for numbers. Hisses abounded, but applause much more. The enemy did not *articulate* until after the meeting, when Wise was cheered by a handful among thousands."

The colored people observed the day by a prayer-meeting in the Church corner of South and Clinton streets.

BOSTON.

Tremont Temple was crowded in the evening. The walls were thickly decorated with mottoes, generally derived from the Bible, and the remarks of the men of the Revolution and the advocates of Freedom in all ages. Among the decorative mottoes, many of which were duplicated, were the following:

From the centre of the platform a banner bearing the coat of arms of Virginia, a freeman standing with his foot upon the neck of a prostrate person, bearing the appearance of a fallen monarch, with the insignia of royalty upon the ground around him, with the name of "Virginia" emblazoned above, and, below, the motto "*Sic semper tyrannis*" (So be it ever to tyrants).

In front of the banner, in the centre of the platform, the photograph of John Brown, encircled by a wreath, surmounted by a small ornamental cross. Around the picture were the following mottoes:

"I don't know what weakness may come over me; but I don't believe I shall ever deny my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, and I should deny Him if I denied my principles against slavery."—*John Brown.*

"I don't know as I can better serve the cause I love so well than to die for it."—*John Brown.*

"What is life at best to me! so long as I hold a commission direct from God Almighty to act against slavery."—*John Brown.*

The following were upon the walls and balconies:

"Your late purchase of an estate with a view of emancipating the slaves on it, is a generous and noble proof of your humanity. Would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself generally into the minds of the people of this country."—*Washington.*

"Execute judgment in the morning, and deliver him that is spoiled out of the hands of the oppressors."

"I never would have drawn my sword in the cause of America, if I could have conceived that thereby I was founding a land of slavery."—*Lafayette.*

"Remember those that in are bonds as bound with them."

"I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just! And that His justice cannot sleep forever."

"He dies by the mandate of the Slave Power, yet 'still lives' by virtue of his heroic deeds."

"Yes! whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."

"All men are by nature equally free and independent."

"Thus saith the Lord: Ye have not hearkened unto me in proclaiming Liberty, every one to his brother, and every man to his neighbor. Behold I proclaim Liberty for all!"

SAMUEL E. SEWALL, Esq., one of the earliest as well as truest friends of the cause, presided and made an eloquent address. Rev. James Freeman Clarke read selections from the Scriptures, and Rev. J. T. Sargent offered prayer. Mr. Garrison read John Brown's address made at the time he received sentence of death, prefacing it with these words:

"To-day Virginia has murdered John Brown, and to-night we see his resurrection. As the labors of that brave man are now closed forever in death; as he was not permitted to give utterance to the feelings of his heart, even upon the scaffold, we may be pardoned if we take his last words given before the Court which condemned him to death."

Rev. J. Sella Martin, J. Q. A. Griffin, Esq., Rev. John Pierpont, Hon. R. P. Davis, Wm. L. Garrison, Rev. J. F. Clarke and George H. Hoyt, Esq., addressed the meeting. Mr. Pierpont read these original lines:

Brown, though a prisoner and in chains to-day,
Holds the whole South half-speechless with dismay;
But when to-morrow's sun in blood goes down,
It will breathe free, no longer fearing brown.
Yet o'er it white-winged peace shall never brood,
Stained as it will be by the old hero's blood;
For though the man be numbered with the dead,
Not so the cause for which the MARTYR bled.
Peace her white wing has folded o'er his breast,
To-morrow they shall bear him to his rest.

A full report of the meeting will appear in *The Liberator* of this week.

The colored people of Boston also held an interesting meeting.

WORCESTER, MASS.

A crowded meeting was held in Mechanics' Hall, ICHABOD WASHBURN, Esq., in the chair, sustained by a large number of prominent citizens as Vice-Presidents. Rev. Merrill Richardson offered prayer. The speakers were Rev. Rush R. Shippen, Hon. Dexter F. Parker, Rev. M. Richardson, Rev. T. W. Higginson, H. B. Sprague, Esq., and Abby Kelley Foster. Mr. Higginson's remarks are thus reported in *The Spy:*

I have been thinking this evening of the eloquent words of Madame Roland when she went on her way to the guillotine, and wished only for a pen to record the strange thoughts which were passing in her mind. How little, one year ago, we expected to hear such words from men who have been deemed conservative, words so heroic, so absolute in defence of principle, and I have wished the pen to record the thoughts which lay behind the faces we all met, the anxious, the determined, the desperate faces, the varied faces that met us. Who conquers, said he, today? Virginia. It is very well for us to ridicule and denounce her, but know that when Virginia wanted a fugitive and sent half a dozen men for him, the slave was returned. Virginia conquered then. To-day John Brown died on the scaffold. It has cost her millions, but she has done it. She has carried her point. And we meet here, and, amid the clattering of silver, pension off the widow and children of the man whom we have let die. Virginia acts; Massachusetts talks. We build a monument of words. If ever a man despised words when deeds were needed, that man was John Brown. We don't occupy a very sublime position. The slow, guarded New England blood takes a century to move; but it is there, and will move at last. Virginia has killed more than John Brown. She has sacrificed his two noble sons, Owen and Watson, saying to his young wife, "If I can do one single noble act, life is not all a failure"; Thompson, exclaiming, "If I die, fifty thousand will follow me"; Dangerfield ready to fight for his wife and family—her awful hand stretched after them to-day. Virginia has done all this, and what has Massachusetts done? As Sam Weller says, "passing resolutions, and voting supplies." But is that all God puts in our power to do?

The speaker made eloquent reference to the home of the Brown family among the Adirondack mountains. Beside the humble door stands the only monument of John Brown's farm-house—the tomb-stone of Capt. John Brown, killed in the American Revolution, placed there by John Brown, who requested, when he looked his last on the peaks he loved so well, that, wherever he might die, he might have no other monument than that. John Brown is now beyond your reach; but the oppressed for whom he died still live. Methinks I hear his voice speaking to you in the words of that Scripture which he loved, "Inasmuch as ye did it to these little ones, ye did it unto me."

The bells of the Old South (Rev. Mr. James's), the Central (Rev. Dr. Sweetser's), the Union (Rev. Mr. Cutler's), and the Third Baptist (Rev. Mr. Wayland's), churches were tolled in the morning from 10 a. m. to 12 m., and again from 7 to 7 1-2 o'clock in the evening. The sum of $145 88 was collected for the Brown fund.

PROVIDENCE.

A large meeting was held in Pratt's Hall, ex-Mayor Barstow in the chair. The speakers were Hon. A. C. Barstow (President), Rev. George T. Day, Rev. Mr. Woodbury, and Hon. Thomas Davis, late member of Congress. Appropriate resolutions were adopted, and a committee appointed to make collections for the Brown fund.

CONCORD, MASS.

At Concord, Mass., there was a meeting of men and women. The services consisted in the reading of passages of prose and poetry; among them, the Soul's Lament of Sir Walter Raleigh, the night before his execution; Collins's Ode on the Death of the Righteous Man; Tacitus's description of the death of Agricola; extracts frrm Jefferson's letter on slavery; and "The Execution of Montrose," from Aytoun's Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.

The picture of the scene then being enacted in Virginia, was followed by selections from Brown's last words, read in his most touching and impressive manner by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Church service for the death of the martyr was then read by A. B. Alcott, and the exercises were concluded with the singing of the following original

HYMN.

TO-DAY beside Potomac's wave,
Beneath Virginia's sky,
They slay the man who loved the slave,
And dared for him to die.

The Pilgrim Fathers' earnest creed,
Virginia's ancient faith,
Inspired this hero's noblest deed,
And his reward is—Death!

Great Washington's indignant shade
Forever urged him on—
He heard from Monticello's glade
The voice of Jefferson.

But chiefly on the Hebrew page
He read Jehovah's law,
And this, from youth to hoary age
Obeyed with love and awe.

No selfish purpose armed his hand,
No passion aimed his blow;
How loyally he loved his land
Impartial Time shall show.

But now the faithful martyr dies,
His brave heart beats no more,
His soul ascends the equal skies,
His earthly course is o'er.

For this we mourn, but not for him,
Like him in God we trust;
And though our eyes with tears are dim,
We know that God is just.

CLEVELAND.

A thronged meeting at the Melodeon. The hall was hung with mourning, the galleries, pillars and walls being draped in black with white rosettes; the chandeliers hung with crape, and long festoons of black depending from the girders of the roof. Directly over the centre of the stage was a large photograph of John Brown, the frame of which was encircled with a wreath of green leaves and white flowers. The following mottoes were at the back of the stage:

"The End Crowns the Work."
"He being dead, yet Speaketh."
"Amicus Humani Generis."
"Remember those that are in bonds, as bound with them."
"If I had interfered in behalf of the great, the wealthy and the wise, no one would have blamed me."—*John Brown to the Court of Virginia.*
"John Brown, the Hero of 1859."
"His noble spirit makes Despots quail and Freedom triumph."

Speeches by Hon. R. P. Spalding, Hon. D. R. Tilden, Rev. W. H. Brewster, C. H. Langston, and Rev. J. C. White.

ALBANY.

From a Correspondent.

In the capital city of the Empire State, on the day of John Brown's execution, no less than three meetings of sympathy were held. At the forenoon meeting the following stirring resolutions were adopted:

[Want of room compels us to omit the resolutions.]

At noon, between the hours of twelve and two, minute guns were fired at the foot of State street, by the keeper of the State Arsenal, as we learn from the ravings of the Albany *Argus*.

Large placards were posted about the city, reading thus:

"GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH!"
Execution
of
CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN.

At three o'clock, a meetiag was held in the Hamilton street Baptist Church, and addressed by Rev. Mr. Fulton, (Baptist), Rev. John Miles (Bethel), Rev. Mr. Miller (colored Baptist), and others. A collection was taken up for John Brown's family.

In the evening another meeting was held in the Wesleyan Church, at which Wm. J. Watkins made an eloquent speech. Appropriate resolutions were adopted.

POUGHKEEPSIE.

From a Correspondent.

A large and impressive meeting was held in Concert Hall. The well known "POUGHKEEPSIE BLACKSMITH" presided, and make an eloquent and highly appropriate opening speech. The Rev. B. H. DAVIS offered prayer. Addresses, earnest and impressive, characterized by a strong sympathy with the Martyr and his family, were then made by A. M. Powell, of Columbia Co., Rev. Mr. Davis and J. M. DeGarmo of Poughkeepsie. At noon a portion of the bells of the city were rung. A deep under-current of feeling has been awakened here, as never before in behalf of the cause of human freedom.

SYRACUSE.

The City Hall was crowded in the evening, the people being summoned by the tolling of the great fire-bell hung aloft in that building. Dr. Lyman Clary presided, and addresses were delivered by Rev. S. J. May, Rev. Mr. Strebeigh, and others, and a series of resolutions—probably written by Mr. May—was adopted.

ROCHESTER.

A large meeting was held at Corinthian Hall, Susan B. Anthony in the chair. A friend, writing from that place, says:

"Our meeting was a grand moral success. Abram Pryne made a capital argument. Parker Pillsbury made one of his grandest speeches—his theme "Harper's Ferry a Failure." He proved it, on the contrary, a most sublime success. The very best heart of Rochester was there—though not a *popular* minister ventured in. The occasion was one of the most impressive."

GHENT, N. Y.

At Ghent, we learn from a correspondent, that a large meeting, of unusual interest, was held. Addresses were made by Hon. John T. Hogeboom, Dr. J. F. Philip, Prof. H. J. Doucet, Townsend Powell, and others, and resolutions adopted. A deep and impressive interest prevailed. Another meeting is to be held on Friday, the 16th.

We have before us reports of sympathetic demonstrations in other places, but we have not space to print or even refer to them.

GIFT OF A BIBLE FROM JOHN BROWN.

WE cut the following from the correspondence of the Baltimore *Sun*.

Old Brown yesterday sent for Mr. J. F. Blessing, a mercant here, a generous and noble-hearted man, who has been extremely kind to him, in dressing his wounds and paying other attentions, and requested him to accept as a token of regard his pocket-Bible. Mr. B. thanked him for this mark of regard, but suggested the propriety of keeping it a few days longer. The edition is the common Bible-class edition, bound in calf, and of the cheapest description. It bears upon the fly-leaf this dedication:

"TO JNO. F. BLESSING, of Charlestown, Va.: With the best wishes of the *undersigned and his sincere thanks* for many acts of kindness received. There is no commentary in the world so good in order to a right understanding of this blessed book as an honest, childlike and teachable spirit. JOHN BROWN.

"Charlestown, 29th Nov., 1859."

Upon the opposite page is the following inscription:

"JOHN BROWN. The leaves were turned down and marked by him while in prison at Charlestown, Va. But a small part of those passages, which in the most positive language condemn oppression and violence, are marked."

Many hundred passages, which can by any possibility of interpretation be tortured into a support of his peculiar theory, are carefully marked both by having the corner of the pages turned over, and being surrounded by heavy pencil marks.

COMMEMORATIVE DISCOURSES.—John Brown was the subject of two discourses of marked excellence and power, delivered in this city on Sunday last. Dr. Cheever spoke, as only he *can* speak, of "The Martyr's Death and the Martyr's Triumph." The theme was exactly adapted to set the Doctor's powers in fine play, and to kindle that enthusiasm of the heart which makes even a stammerer eloquent. The Rev. Antoinette B. Blackwell also spoke very impressively on the same subject, setting old truths in a light so peculiar and striking that they seemed original. We are glad to learn that Mrs. B. has an audience equal to the full capacity of the hall in which she preaches, and that she is making a very strong impression upon those who attend her ministry. There ought to be in this great city a large a number of persons willing to sustain a woman in the pulpit, and we trust she may succeed in building up a permanent society.

LIKENESS OF THE MARTYR.—C. H. Brainard, of Boston, has published a large lithograph portrait of John Brown, drawn by Thomas S. Johnston, from a photograph taken for T. H. Webb, Esq. In size and style of execution it is almost identical with Mr. Brainard's well-known likenesses of Garrison, Sumner, Gerrit Smith, Theodore Parker and others. The resemblance to the living subject will be pronounced by all who knew him most striking—indeed almost perfect. It will be sent promptly through the mail in return for $1 remitted to William C. Nell, 21 Cornhill, Boston. A liberal portion of the profits will be given to the family of John Brown.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 5, 1859.

JOHN BROWN has not only scared Virginia, but the entire South. Previous to his invasion of Virginia, the whole South American delegation in Congress was ready for a union with the Republicans, for the purpose of organizing the House; but *since*, the most of them are frightened out of their wits, if they ever had any, which I doubt. Here is one good result, then, of the Brown panic—the attempted dilution of the Republican party into a milk-and-water Opposition party is a failure.

The North cannot be said to be a *power* at Washington, until she, like the South, is a unit on the slavery question. The Republicans in Congress are weak because they are not *one* in sentiment and principle. Massachusetts sends back-bone here; but what does Pennsylvania send? Such men as E Joy Morris cannot be reckoned the enemies of slavery any more than John Cochrane or Dan Sickles. He affiliates with the anti-slavery Republicans, but is not of them, and so the Republicans as a party in Congress are shorn of much of their strength. The work of anti-slavery journals is to create a bolder sentiment among the people, which will give us from every State a delegation like that from Massachusetts. Give us in the Senate a majority like Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson—in the House a majority like Adams and Dawes—and the South would respect us.

Most Republicans, I think, have ceased to *fear* the effects of the John Brown tragedy upon Republicanism in the future. Said Mr. Edgerton, M. C. for Ohio—you will remember him as the gentleman who sought in vain to have an interview with John Brown last week—said Mr. Edgerton, "John Brown's death is going to make thousands of Republicans all over the North." Coming down past Harper's Ferry in the cars, I overheard a Democratic politician, who has always hitherto voted the pro-slavery ticket, say, "If they hang John Brown, I'll never vote a Democratic ticket in my life again. It's going to abolitionize the North." This is the simple truth. Whatever the temporary effect is or may be, the ultimate result would be a magnificent gain to the cause for which John Brown died.

I notice one fact in connection with the great tragedy which is worth remembering. All the respectable Southern journals in this region almost unconsciously give John Brown great praise. His manly conduct, his calmness in the face of appalling death, have extorted the unwilling admiration of his slaveholding enemies.

You have noticed the case of outrage in this city against Dr. Breed, and I will not use your space but to add that I witnessed the trial before Justice Down, and never before witnessed such a *legal farce*. Dr. Breed was not even proved guilty of uttering "seditious language," and, if he did, there is no law here to punish the offence. It was a simple case of downright despotism, and the tyrannical nincompoop—Justice Down—is a United States officer, and is paid out of the Treasury of the United States!

I close this letter just before Congress comes together, and I will not speculate on what may be known to you before you go to press. I am very glad to see so many Republicans here who are courageous and ready to stand by the right in any event. The South will be unusually insolent this winter: that is to be expected. Harper's Ferry has made the whole South boil like a pot, and her representatives in Congress must let off the steam—or burst. So look out for lively times by and bye. I have heard one member declare that if Southern members are too insolent, he will deliver a speech in complete justification of Brown and close it as Mrs. Child did her admirable letter to Gov. Wise.

Will you allow me to close my letter by alluding to one or two matters which have no connection with Washington?

I wish to know if the charge of Mr. Beecher and *The Independent* against Mr. Spurgeon and his publishers in Nassau street, that he expurgates the anti-slavery from his sermons for the American market, *is true*. It is a serious charge. If it is true, Dr. Cheever should no more write him letters for aid than he would Dr. Ross, and every anti-slavery journal should open its cannonade upon publishers and priest. Let the Christians of England come to believe this allegation to be true, and they will tumble Spurgeon from his pulpit and popularity. I have looked in vain in THE STANDARD for a word on the subject.

Another matter: Are you aware that the Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, has very suddenly attained a great popularity in the South, and among our vilest pro-slavery journals? He is quoted in all our slavery-defending journals as having come out in defence of "*the lower law.*" This is in derision, I suppose, of the higher or God's Law. Such journals as the *Constitution*, *Star* and *States*, which choke with their daily falsehoods, *praise Dr. Bacon.* Now, I don't believe it is true that the Doctor has been defending the murderers of John Brown. Has he? The report must be incorrect, and I will refuse to believe that he preached a Thanksgiving sermon in which he justified the Virginian officials in hanging Brown till I get better evidence. For if the Doctor condemned Brown, of course he must William Tell, Lafayette and the other venerable mad-caps who now exist in history by the side of "Old Brown." AVON.

THOUGHTS UPON THE EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN.

SATURDAY, Dec. 3, 1859.

THE blessed sun shone never so serenely as it looked down yesterday upon the last hours of that hero man. It illumined his path to glory! The glory of immortality! That mortal did not wait for death to put it on—he already wore it. How he wore it! The glory of a summer sunrise upon that December morning reflected the halo of his immortality, and gilded the portals of his tomb! Shall I say death? He did not die—he never will! It was a translation from one glory to another! The sun shone on him and on his murderers; aye, but had it bid its face in gloom, and had the troubled heavens stormed never so terribly, the glory of that martyr-man would have been a light about him. His noble soul stood erect in all the dignity of his manhood, in all the strength of the divine human nature that was in him. Erect and upright before his God! He did not cower and tremble with coward fear upon the threshold of eternity—he went

"Not as the galley slave, scourged to his dungeon."

He trusted that God would sustain him, and he was sustained. He *thought* that he had *some* hunger and thirst after righteousness; how was he filled! The undertaker who was to put the empty tenement of so much greatness into its narrow house (he should have had a plaster put upon his lips!), coarsely said to him, "You are a game man." He had never seen the game of greatness and goodness before—the world has seldom seen it! Glorious the winning! But, who are losers? Ah! "who is losing?" A great man on that very soil once "trembled for his country when he remembered that God is just!" It was true, that from that very ground which once cradled a Washington and a Jefferson and now holds their dust, the smoke from the altar of this sacrifice should go up. But oh! the gloom, the leaden gloom, that hangs like a pall over us this morning. The sun no longer shines. An untold horror broods over the land! The dumbness of an unspeakable dread sits upon all lips. Who can tell the cold, shuddering horror which lies next to his heart? The eye and not the lips reveal it. How empty is their smile! How vapid is their mirth! How stale and senseless is their wit! How utterly miserable is the attempt to be natural! How counterfeit is the common-placeness which we all try to assume. An earthquake shock has vibrated the land. None know whither to look for safety. How false is the security which earth can afford. Oh! for some of the strength which supported John Brown. If he was insane, God grant to this nation more of his insanity! The insanity of earnest endeavor, of noble self-sacrifice, of single-hearted devotion to conceived truth. Never need we fear too much of this; never fear that there will not always be enough of cold-hearted prudence remaining to check its eccentricities, and trim it down into a smooth hedge that shall envelop and protect, and not choke out all the fair growth and development of our country. Life! *life* is what it wants. Oh! Lord, let us not die in our youth!

The land mourns, but not for John Brown. Awful is the retributive doom impending over it. The judicial murder of one man has rung aloud over its broad domain the living death-knell of millions! He lives though he is dead. They die while they live. Die, in selfish, sensual, voluptuous, heartless, worthless life. Die in pitiable, wilful blindness to all that is holy, just and true; in ignorance of their own high estate, of the priceless treasures of merciful humanity. How lamentable is their plight! How should we not commiserate those who cannot see that the rope which binds the slave passes around their own necks: and it is about ours also. A Kane has told us so. Dred Scott tells us so. John Brown tells us so! It will be well for us if we see it! Oh! that all the land could see it, and awake in time to unwarp its fatal coil! W. J. C.

THE OTHER PRISONERS.—It behooves the friends of freedom not to neglect the duties they owe to the unfortunate companions of Brown, who are to be executed on the 16th inst. They are four in number, viz., John E. Cooke and Edwin Coppic (white), Shields Green and John Copeland (colored). A correspondent of one of the papers says:

"The execution of Brown has greatly depressed the remaining prisoners, and all, with the exception of Cooke, are looking forward to the certainty of their impending doom, and making religious preparations with sincerity and earnestness. Cooke evidently has not yet abandoned his hope of commutation. Stevens, who has not yet been tried, has almost recovered from his wounds, with the exception of a considerable soreness and a slight paralyzation on the right side of his head, where several buckshot are lodged near the ear. He has but little to say, and seems calm, quiet and resigned. There is a better feeling in the community for Stevens than for any of the other prisoners, not only on account of his great bodily sufferings, but from the fact that he has evinced so much sincerity, and has avoided all attempts to increase the excitement and agitation that prevails in the country. He is to be tried before the United States authorities, and may probably escape with imprisonment. With regard to Hazlett, although he has been identified with some certainty as having been one of the party, Brown and the other prisoner refuse to recognize him, and will doubtless, under the injunction of Brown, continue to be faithful to their friends."

THE *Independent* illustrates the value of its anti-slavery professions, not only by its disgraceful war upon Dr. Cheever, but by its habitual toadyism toward eminent apologists for slavery. Thus in a late number of that paper, the Rev. Dr. Bethune, whose influence for more than twenty years has been conspicuously employed in behalf of slavery and the lower law, is spoken of as "a general favorite with the Christian (!) public," and praised for a long catalogue of virtues and acquirements, including "*spiritual* fervor, sometimes highly impassioned," and "generous impulses toward freedom and the right"!! As to the first mentioned characteristic, if current report does not sadly belie the Doctor, he may claim it for himself on grounds altogether distinct from those hinted at by *The Independent*. Dr. Thompson no doubt speaks sincerely when he says he is "*gratified* to learn that Dr. Bethune has accepted the invitation to the Church in Thirty-first Street"; but he would be still more gratified, we presume, if he could only be assured of success in his mean and ungenerous efforts to dislodge Dr. Cheever from the pulpit on Union Square. The light which that pulpit sheds upon the treacherous sinuosities of a certain class of ambitious aspirants for ecclesiastical leadership and popularity is too vivid to be borne with patience.

STILL CROWDED.—Our space is still almost entirely absorbed by matter relating in one way or another to the John Brown Invasion. THE STANDARD, at such a time as this, must not only seek to make itself a worthy guide of public opinion, but carefully garner materials for the historian. We have been very reluctant to surrender for this purpose the page usually devoted to literary and miscellaneous reading, but the exigencies of the cause have seemed to require the sacrifice for a few weeks.

We have on our table a considerable number of pamphlets and magazines, which, but for the extraordinary events above alluded to, would have received attention before now.

We have in our pigeon-hole a letter from Mrs. Martineau, received in advance of last week's issue, for which we have vainly tried to make room in the present number.

The pro-slavery matter which we publish this week, distributed under the heads, "Satanic Piety," "Reign of Terror," and "Spirit of the South," is worthy of careful attention.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE MARTYRDOM.

THE deed is done! the heavens in black are hung—
The sun has fled—the rocks are rent asunder—
Sharp lightnings flash—loud peals the solemn thunder.
The deaf ear hears—the dumb have found a tongue.
The tender heart with agony is wrung—
The stolid stare, with eyelids raised in wonder—
The cold indifferent, staring at the blunder—
The old look blank, and curious the young.
The awful deed is done—a nation's shame
Blackens its front, and takes the primal curse—
"Where is thy brother"? could a Cain do worse?
Brothers ye be—ah! brothers but in name.
The horrid deed is done!—the martyr dies—
The drop grows hallowed in the sacrifice. A. P. C.

TWENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY

SUBSCRIPTION-ANNIVERSARY,

IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY NEXT, IN BOSTON, 1860.

IN a year when Americans find themselves citizens of a country where the African slave trade is going on, and slave-hunting unforbidden, and sheltering the fugitive indicted as a crime, and the leading religious and political influences so dead to this public shame as to discountenance legislative reform, we are confident that we have only to open our subscription in order to be becomingly and effectually sustained by the awakening virtue of the people, in the enterprise to which our lives are given.

We entreat, then, all the friends of Liberty, and the foes of Slavery, everywhere, in the South as at the North—in Europe as in America—philosophers as well as Christians, Catholics no less than Protestants, to subscribe to a fund and a mode of expenditure which prepares the way before every sect, every party, every association; which makes all other men's anti-slavery labor light, and which has, for six and twenty years, been laying the foundations of many generations, so as to exclude slavery from American institutions, and secure to posterity those blessings of liberty which the last generation passed away without enjoying.

THE UNDERSIGNED, while asking the favor of their subscribers' company, on their customary Anniversary occasion, are impelled by the goodness and the grandeur of the enterprise, by its indispensable necessity, by the universal and fundamental character of its principles, to entreat also the assistance of *all*. The crisis in the nation's life makes the occasion—one which it will be worth crossing the ocean to participate in. And while thanking our European friends for their generous cooperation of last year with America, we ask its continuance yet a little longer, till a spirit of devotedness adequate to this great world-enterprise shall have been here awakened.

From this day forward through the year we begin to arrange our plans, organize our efforts, and economize our means, greater or smaller as the case may be, to meet this great national claim: and we desire all who would see slavery abolished, and truth, honor, peace, liberty and safety in righteousness restored, to meet us at its close, for cheer, counsel, sacrifice, resolve and generous cooperation.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOS

THE STANDARD.

SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH.

(Continued from First Page.)

tion the sentiments of the writer than do the people of this city, and, I verily believe, the mass of the New England population. The only difference is that the insignificance of the writer, the extravagance of his sanguinary fanaticism, tending to disgust all persons of common humanity with his object, and the very partial circulation of the book, prevent the affair from being the subject of excitement, and hardly of serious attention. I have reason to believe that the book *is disapproved of by the decent portion of the colored people*, and it would be a cause of deep regret to all my well-disposed fellow-citizens if a publication of this character, and emanating from such a source, should be thought to be countenanced by any of their number. I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

H. G. Otis, Mayor of the City of Boston.

Boston, February 19, 1830.

To the Mayor of Savannah.

Sir: Indisposition has prevented an earlier reply to your favor of the 12th of December. A few days before the receipt of it, the pamphlet had been put into my hands by one of the aldermen of this city, it not having been circulated here. I perused it carefully in order to ascertain whether the writer had made himself amenable to our laws, but, notwithstanding the extremely bad and inflammatory tendency of the publication, he does not seem to have violated any of our laws. It is written by a free man whose name it bears. He is a shopkeeper and dealer in old clothes; and in a conversation which I authorized a young man to hold with him, he openly avowed the sentiments of the book and authorship. I also hear that he declares his intention to circulate these pamphlets by mail, at his own expense if he cannot otherwise effect his object. You may be assured, sir, that a disposition would not be wanting on the part of the city authorities here to avail themselves of any lawful means for preventing this attempt to throw firebrands into your country. We regard it with deep disapprobation and abhorrence. But we have no power to control the purpose of the author; and without, we think that any public notice of him and his book would make matters worse. We have been determined, however, to publish a general warning to captains of vessels against exposing themselves to the consequences of transporting incendiary writings into yours, and the other Southern States. I have the honor to be your ob't serv't, H. G. Otis.

Thus spoke, in 1830, the Mayor of Boston, upon the mere publication of an abolition pamphlet; but the Mayor of Boston is dumb in 1859, when citizens of Virginia have been inhumanly murdered by Northern men upon our own soil. What would Harrison Gray Otis say, if alive now?

In Aug., 1831, the Southampton insurrection broke out. This was a *bona fide* insurrection; it was the uprising of our negroes, and not the vile inteference of Northern men. There were sympathizers with Nat. Turner in Boston in 1830. Wm. L. Garrison, then, as now, published *The Liberator*, and in it spoke then, as now, his vile treason; but how different the people of Boston at that day and that people now! "The Virginia History of African Colonization" says: "The more conservative and patriotic, disgusted with the revolutionary proceedings of their fellow-citizens, assembled in public meeting, and assured *the South of their sympathy and support.*" Not one such public meeting has been held throughout the whole North in 1859! Does not this speak an awful warning to the South! *Not one meeting of sympathizers* throughout the entire North. But how many meetings have denounced us. The History continues: "Conspicuous among them was the venerable Harrison Gray Otis, of Boston, who came forth from his retirement, and, in accents trembling with age, made a speech in Faneuil Hall, which covered him with glory. With the most luminous reasoning, he demonstrated the revolutionary character of the anti-slavery proceedings, and lifted up his voice in tones of such earnest remonstrance, and made such a patriotic and pathetic plea for the Coustitution and the Union, as must have produced a profound impression upon his hearers." In concluding, he said, "I witnessed the adoption of the Constitution, and through a long series of years have been accustomed to rely upon an adherence to it as the foundation of all my hopes for posterity. It is threatened, I think, with the most portentous danger that has yet arisen. I pray it may be dissipated; that the thirteen stripes may not be merged into two dismal stains of black and red, and that my grave may close over me before the Union descends into hers." The pulpit in that day also spoke, not with hoarse, discordant treason, but with the gentle voice of conservatism. The Rev. Joseph Tracy, the History says, "manfully stemmed the tide, and helped to bring out into broad day, before the Churches, the dreadful fact that the logical consequence of the anti-slavery doctrine was the most frightful anarchy." Thus spoke Boston at the first outbreak of abolition fanaticism. We have read her Senator and her preacher in 1829-30. Let us now turn to her Senator and preacher in 1859. The subjoined letter was received by us, as well as by the Governor of Virginia:

A PUBLIC MEETING IN NATICK, MASS., THE HOME OF SENATOR WILSON, ON SLAVE INSURRECTIONS.

To the Editors of The Enquirer.

Natick, Mass., Nov. 21, 1859.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of citizens of this town (the residence of Senator Wilson) was held last evening, called to consider the following resolution:

"Whereas, resistance to tyrants is obedience to God; therefore,

"Resolved, That it is the right and duty of the slaves to resist their masters; and the right and duty of the North to *incite* them to resistance and to aid them in it."

This was adopted; and though a United States Senator (Hon. Henry Wilson) and a United States Postmaster were present, not a dissenting voice was raised against it. The resolution utters the *idea* of Massachusetts, of New England and New York. I have reason to know it does. Insurrection—Resistance—on the part of the slaves and of the North, against slaveholders, is the great idea of the people. That insurrection is the right and duty of the slaves, is the one thought of the masses here. Though our Senators and Representatives in Congress dare not avow this as their opinion in Washington, at home, among their constituents, they countenance and sustain it by direct advocacy, or by silence. The North has reason to expect it of them, the coming session, that they will openly advocate the doctrine and practice of insurrection and resistance as the right and duty of the slaves and of the people of the non-slave States. We have much reason to hope that, come what may, they will do it.

It was asserted in the above meeting that John Brown, at Harper's Ferry, had truly embodied the general idea of the North, and had done no more than his simple duty to himself, to the slave, to the slaveholder, his country and his God. There are thousands among those who have known of his plans and movements the past four or five years, and who have sympathized with him, and with his call, as he believes from God, to do a deed that would arouse the South and the nation to consider the *sin* and *dangers* of slavery; and who have known, also, of his unfaltering determination to do that deed and strike that blow; who would now gladly take his place in the dungeon and welcome the gallows in his stead, if, thereby, he might be spared to lead on the mustering sons of liberty to free the slaves and crush the power of those who live by whipping and selling women, and by "trafficking in slaves and the souls of men."

The sin of this nation—as it is asserted in that meeting—is to be taken away, not by Christ, but by John Brown. Christ, as represented by those called by his name, has proved a DEAD FAILURE, as a power to free the slaves. John Brown is, and will be, a power far more efficient. The nation is to be saved from its colossal crime, not by the blood of Christ (as it is administered), but by the blood of John Brown. John Brown, and him hanged, will do that for the slaves and the people who enslave them which Christ, and him crucified, has never been made to do. The blood of Christ, as dispensed by the American Church and clergy, has been the most nutritious ailment to slavery, and has only added to its growth and power; but the blood of John Brown, as it be dispensed by Abolitionists, will be its certain death, while it will add energetic life and resistless power to liberty. The cross of Christ, as it is borne aloft before this nation, has been, and now is, the battle-mark of defence, a tower of strength, a munition of rocks, the Gibraltar of slaveholders. The gallows of John Brown, as it will be borne aloft in front of the Host of Freedom, "the army of the Living God," will strike terror to their hearts, send consternation into their ranks, drive them from their strongholds, and make them a hissing and a by-word to the lands. It has done this already.

Henceforth the slaves, and their friends in the North, will know nothing but John Brown, and him hanged. Slaveholders and their abettors have known, and will continue to know, nothing but Christ, and him crucified and raised from the sepulchre only to sanctify the "sum of all villany" as embodied in themselves. John Brown, and him hanged, will be the inspiration and the slogan of the aroused slaves and their friends, till the four millions, now held and used as chattels, bought and sold, and herded together, in concubinage as brutes, punished with death for every attempt to elevate themselves to the condition of men and women, and compelled to feel after God and immortality, amid beasts and creeping things, shall be regenerated and redeemed.

This may seem to you madness. It is the madness of the good Samaritan, of Paul, and of Jesus—the madness of one who sees and worships God in the *Living* rather than in the *Dead*—in the living slave rather than in a dead Jesus; in a living Christ rather than in a dead Christ. It is the madness of one who, on the public arena, has, by word and deed, taught the people of the North, for twenty-five years, that the purest, sublimest and most acceptable worship they could render to the God of Justice and Liberty is "to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free." Henry C. Wright.

The voice of the pulpit in 1859 has been heard.

* * * * * *

The retrospect of thirty years has but little that encourages the conservative patriot. The past is gone, the present is threatening and the future gloomy, but, with hope in the justice of our cause, and trust in that righteous God whom the North, in its impious saturnalia, is now offending, *all will be well.*

MEASURES OF SECURING SOUTHERN SAFETY.

From The Charleston Mercury.

We publish, at the request of a valued reader in Virginia, a petition framed for the Legislatures of the Southern States, and praying for new measures of prevention and punishment for two great evils under which we suffer: 1st. Unlicensed dealing with slaves; and, 2d. The tampering of abolition agents, in the shape of pedlers, drummers, &c., &c., in our midst.

We respectfully suggest, however, that, so far as South Carolina and the shops for negro-trading are concerned, we are already amply provided with remedies to the extreme limit of what justice and a sound public opinion requires. If, under our laws, the slave and his owner are not protected, then it is, we fear, the negligence and inefficiency of the latter, and not the fault of the laws. The laws, we really believe, are adequate in the severity of the punishment and in the facility of proof to conviction. We know of no further steps that can with propriety and safety be taken. An efficient police and the vigilance of slave-owners must do the rest. Further enactments would only tend to defeat themselves.

So far as the other evil is concerned, it is utterly without remedy in the false and humiliating position in which the people of the Southern States stand in the Union as it is. All the remedies proposed for the prohibition of travel of Northern pedlers, drummers, &c., &c., are unconstitutional and illegal. Nor, if attempted contrary to law in our present posture, can they approximate to anything like efficiency. We stand at insuperable disadvantage, and are incapable of carrying out measures of adequate protection against hostile Northern emissaries. It is so from our position, under the fundamental law which regards us as homogeneous and friendly peoples, not enemies, and allows privileges and immunities wholly inconsistent with our welfare. We, therefore, are constrained to express our opinion with due respect. We consider all these proposals of half-way measures as trifling with the subject. The great evil we suffer is in our false position towards the North. We are, to use strong language, lambs in copartnership with wolves—at their mercy. We must relieve ourselves from this position by treaty or by revolution. All other propositions for establishing our safety are vain and illusory. The only remedy sufficient to effect the purpose is a dissolution of the ods that hold us in their power; or to frighten them into their sense on that issue, of which there is small hope. Let gentlemen, then, not piddle at the great evil that overshadows our civilization and safety, but lay their axe to the root itself.

It is respectfully requested, by a Virginia friend, that the following petition may be given an insertion in every newspaper of the South, of which the conductors approve the general objects sought, and who earnestly desire the maintenance and permanency of the existing institution of negro slavery.

TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF VIRGINIA.

The petition of the undersigned citizens, residents or property holders of the —— of ——, respectfully represents:

That the maintenance of the institution of negro slavery, with the due subordination of slaves to masters, and of the inferior black to the dominant white class, as heretofore existing in Virginia, is all-important to the interest and well-being of the Commonwealth, and of every considerable and useful class of our population:

That the great and most operative causes of the corrupting of the habits and morals of slaves, and of infusing into their minds discontent and the spirit of insubordination, and consequently of producing discomfort and unhappiness to themselves, and loss and injury to their masters, and to all honest and law-abiding citizens, are to be found in two existing and wide-spread evils, viz., 1st, The shops or other places for the unlicensed selling of intoxicating liquors to slaves, or carrying on with them other illegal traffic—generally including the receiving of stolen goods; and, 2d, The intercourse with slaves (and also with free negroes) of persons, whether vagrants or temporary sojourners, who, in many cases, are either voluntary agents or hired emissaries of Northern associations or individuals laboring to destroy slavery in the Southern States, by instigating desertion or conspiracy and insurrection—and which persons, generally as itinerants, and mostly also as tramping vagrants, and all of them coming from the Northern States, are spread through Virginia, and probably have operated in every county thereof, in some one or other of the various characters of avowed beggars, or solicitors of subscriptions to Northern publications, or of contributions to some professed public or pious works, or pedlers (generally without legal license), and even in some cases as teachers, religious agents, or preachers of the Gospel:

That whenever, through either of these two different means for corrupting slaves, pillaging property, and inducing insubordination, immorality and crime, slaves are thus operated upon by white persons, no matter to what extent or how frequently, there can rarely be obtained any legal evidence of the facts, because negroes only are privy to such offences, and the evidence of negroes under our present law is not admissible against a white person, even though such person may be universally represented to be a receiver of stolen goods, or a Northern abolition emissary and conspirator, inciting slaves to desertion, or to revolt and massacre. Therefore, both of these dangerous and infamous classes of offenders are almost entirely safe from prosecution and conviction, and may securely pursue their iniquitous course. Therefore, we pray of your honorable body that such new measures of prosecution and punishment may be enacted as will make operative the existing legal prohibitions of the offences of vagrancy, unlicensed dealing with slaves, and peddling; and also, by extending stringent repression, and certain and sufficient penalties to all other professed pursuits of itinerant strangers, having neither sufficient vouchers for good character and objects nor visible means for support by honest labor. Aiming only to present in general terms the existing evils, and to pray for relief in general, we do not presume to prescribe special or precise remedies, but submit to the wisdom and discretion of the Legislature the devising and adoption of such enactments as will afford sufficient remedies for the great and now growing evils and dangers under consideration.

SLAVEHOLDING BLUSTER.

[Extracts from a speech of Hon. Charles J. Faulkner, ex-member of Congress, at Martinsburg, Va., Nov. 14.]

Since the recent developments, the South will not submit to the federal triumph of any party that bases its organization upon an acknowledged warfare upon the institution of slavery. The triumph of any such party will be deemed by the Southern States cause at once for a separation from the federal Union. This is now inevitable. The Union-loving men of the North should, therefore, be made to learn at once that the duty of saving this precious inheritance of our fathers has devolved upon them, and that the Southern mind is fully made up not to remain in a confederacy that tolerates and encourages a spirit so hostile to the objects for which that confederacy was formed.

When that noble and gallant son of Virginia, Henry A. Wise, declared, as was said he did in October, 1856, that if Fremont should be elected, he would seize the National Armory at Harper's Ferry, how few would at that time have justified so bold and decided a measure? It is the fortune of some great and gifted minds to see far in advance of their contemporaries. Should William H. Seward be elected in 1860, where is the man now in our midst who would not call for the impeachment of a Governor of Virginia who would silently suffer that armory to pass under the control of such an Executive head?

Slavery does not exist in the North, and why, then, this never-ceasing agitation of it, if it is not to act upon it in the States where it does exist? Do such men as Seward, Smith, Phillips and Giddings expect to be continually inflaming the passions of their hearers and readers by the most false and distorted pictures of that institution and not be responsible for the madness and treason which are excited and stimulated by their own thoughts? The murderous and treasonable foray of Brown and his associates was the natural and inevitable fruit of the doctrines and teachings of the Republican party. Brown has but practised what they preached. Their moral guilt is greater than his; and if justice had its course, their necks should be in the halter with his, if not instead of his. Upon such an exchange would Virginia alone consent to any modification of his sentence.

From The Richmond Whig.

In view of the Harper's Ferry *émeute*, and the inevitable tendency of abolition doctrine, we think a large portion of the voters of the North have been brought at least to a pause and to reflection. For it will be seen that there is a large falling off in the Republican vote, notwithstanding the most earnest and persistent efforts, on the part of the leaders and presses of the Republican party, to rally their followers to the polls. And this we are inclined to regard as an encouraging indication that the eyes of the Northern people are beginning to be opened to the follies and dangers of the Black Republican organization, and the odious principles and doctrines inculcated by Seward and his disciples.

But still the triumph of the Seward party in the great State of New York affords occasion for alarm and apprehension to every lover of the Union, North and South, East and West. We make no threats, and we indicate no line of policy to the South, but it is proper to inform the Northern people, with calmness and candor, that the election of William H. Seward to the Presidency would be followed, according to our judgment and belief, by an almost instant secession of the Southern States from the Union. We entirely pass over the question, at present, whether it would be the part of wisdom and patriotism or not for the Southern States to refuse submission to the inauguration of any President elected in accordance with the forms of the Constitution. Nor is it necessary to state, even if we knew, exactly what will be our own course in the event of Seward's election. We can only state what we firmly and religiously believe, that the Southern States will not submit to the inauguration of Seward as President of the United States. We go further, and say that the Southern States will not submit to the inauguration of any Black Republican President whatever—that is, any man elected by the Republican party, as such, in its capacity of a separate and distinct political and sectional organization. In such an event, we believe all the Gulf States, with one accord, and at the same moment, will go out of the Union, and set up for themselves, and that the other Southern States, Virginia included, will ultimately, if not immediately, take precisely the same step. We confess that, until recently, we have never so believed or thought or dreamed; but there is now no mistaking the temper and purpose of the Southern people, and the ominous signs of the times.

The politicians and editors of the Republican party are laboring under a terrible delusion, which we wish we could remove from their minds. They appear to be of the opinion that the Southern States have no idea of seceding from the Union, no matter what may happen. Least of all do they suppose that they entertain any purpose of going out of the Union in the event of the election of a Black Republican President in accordance with the forms of the Constitution. They consider all the talk about secession and disunion at the South as nothing but bluster and humbug, and we readily acknowledge that the boasting resolves and ridiculous threats of Southern extremists in times past would justify such a conclusion. But times and circumstances have changed, and nearly all men at the South have changed with them. Men—thoroughly conservative and moderate men—who never heretofore entertained a despairing thought of the Union, have begun to despair now, and believe that the days of the republic are well nigh numbered. There is but little apparent excitement in the South at the present time, notwithstanding the audacity of the abolition invasion at Harper's Ferry; but there is a quiet, silent determination pervading all ranks and classes of Southern men, which will brook the insolence and aggression of the North no longer, and which we have never known to exist before.

From The Richmond Enquirer.

The South knows its rights, and Harper's Ferry teaches she must maintain them. Should the Union survive the approaching Congress, the Charleston Convention will decide its fate. If the South is permitted, by an existing Union, to meet the Northern Democracy in Charleston, the consultation will be calm and deliberate. The first men of the South will be there assembled. No scheming, plotting politician, seeking an opportunity to barter rights for public plunder, will be able to gratify his treasonable propensities; but, in firmness and with dignity, the doctrine of intervention for protection will be insisted upon by the South, and the representatives of the Northern Democracy will decide the issue. If for intervention, the nomication will be proceeded with; if against intervention, there will be a leave-taking, a bidding adieu, a separation, a disunion, a secession, that will be not only prognostic, but potent—a shadow of coming events cast warningly before to inform and deter. The Democratic candidates must be presented to the people of all the States upon the *ultimatum* of the Constitution as understood and decided by the Supreme Court. If there are not conservatives enough at the North to elect conservative candidates, there will scarcely be found conservatives enough at the South to save the Union. As an honest journalist, in a position which enables us to know Southern opinion, and to see and understand all the movements upon the chess-board of Southern politics, we calmly warn our Northern allies of the danger. Let it be remembered that our private correspondence ramifies the Southern States; that the *Enquirer* is received at 5,932 post-offices—is read by phlegmatic farmers as well as by fiery politicians; that our exchanges embrace almost every paper in the South; and that from the tone of the Southern press, and the tenor of our letters from correspondents and subscribers, we do not hesitate to say that this "winter" will be one of "discontent," and that "glorious summer" will not dispel the clouds that "lower round our house."

What matters "the rise of Wise's stock"—the bubble may be pricked by the last words of "a lunatic lean-witted fool"—another howl of abolitionism, that will rise upon the execution of John Brown, may cause the fall not only of "Wise's stock," but that of every law-loving, law-abiding man in the South. Northern conservatism, about which so much is heard and so little known, must show game, and reveal the power it so long has boasted. We must cease to compromise with abolitionism; it must not attempt to defeat Southern representative men because they are representative men, and, as such, distasteful to Northern fanaticism. The South must know at Charleston that devotion to her rights and interests is no longer to be the reason for withholding honor from her sons.

LETTERS FROM JOHN BROWN.

HIS LAST LETTER TO HIS FAMILY.

Charlestown Prison,
Jefferson Co., Va., Nov. 30, 1859.

My Dearly Beloved Wife, Sons and Daughters, Everyone: As I now begin what is probably the last letter I shall ever write to any of you, I conclude to write to all at the same time. I will mention some little matters particularly applicable to little property concerns in another place.

I recently received a letter from my wife, from near Philadelphia, dated November 22, by which it would seem that she was about giving up the idea of seeing me again. I had written her to come on if she felt equal to the undertaking, but I do not know that she will get my letter in time. It was on her own account chiefly that I asked her to stay back. At first I had a most strong desire to see her again, but there appeared to be very serious objections; and should we never meet in this life, I trust that she will in the end be satisfied it was for the best at least, if not most for her comfort. I enclosed in my last letter to her a draft of fifty dollars from John Jay, made payable to her order. I have now another to send her, from my excellent old friend Edward Harris, of Woonsocket, R. I., for one hundred dollars, which I shall also make payable to her order.

I am waiting the hour of my public murder with great composure of mind and cheerfulness, feeling the strong assurance that in no other possible way could I be used to so much advantage to the cause of good and of humanity, and that nothing that either I or all my family have sacrificed or suffered will be lost. The reflection that a wise and merciful as well as just and holy God rules not only the affairs of this world, but of all worlds, is a rock to set our feet upon under all circumstances—even those more severely trying ones into which our own feelings and wrongs have placed us. I have now no doubt but that our seeming disaster will ultimately result in the most glorious success; so, my dear shattered and broken family, be of good cheer, and believe and trust in God with all your heart, and with all your soul; for He doeth all things well. Do not feel ashamed on my account, nor for one moment despair of the cause or grow weary of well doing. I bless God I never felt stronger confidence in the certain and near approach of a bright morning and a glorious day than I have felt, and do now feel, since my confinement here. I am endeavoring to return, like a poor prodigal as I am, to my Father, against whom I have always sinned, in the hope that he may kindly and forgivingly meet me, though a very great way off.

Oh! my dear wife and children, would to God you could know how I have been travailing in birth for you all, that no one of you may fail of the grace of God, through Jesus Christ—that no one of you may be blind to the truth and glorious light of his Word, in which life and immortality are brought to light. I beseech you, every one, to make the Bible your daily and nightly study, with a childlike, honest, candid, teachable spirit of love and respect for your husband and father.

And I beseech the God of my fathers to open all your eyes to the discovery of the truth. You cannot imagine how much you may soon need the consolations of the Christian religion. Circumstances like my own for more than a month past have convinced me beyond all doubt of our great need of some theories treasured up when our prejudices are excited, our vanity worked up to the highest pitch. Oh! do not trust your eternal all upon the boisterous ocean without even a helm or compass to aid you in steering. I do not ask any of you to throw away your reason; I only ask you to make a candid, sober use of your reason.

My dear younger children, will you listen to this last poor admonition of one who can only love you? Oh! be determined at once to give your whole heart to God, and let nothing shake or alter that resolution. You need have no fears of regretting it. Do not be vain and thoughtless, but sober-minded; and let me entreat you all to love the whole remnant of our once great family. Try and build up again your broken walls and to make the utmost of every stone that is left. Nothing can so tend to make life a blessing as the consciousness that your life and example bless and leave you the stronger. Still, it is ground of the utmost comfort to my mind to know that so many of you as have had the opportunity have given some proof of your fidelity to the great family of man. Be faithful unto death; from the exercise of habitual love to man it cannot be very hard to learn to love his Maker.

I must yet insert the reason for my firm belief in the divine inspiration of the Bible, notwithstanding I am perhaps naturally skeptical, certainly not credulous. I wish all to consider it most thoroughly when you read that blessed book and see whether you cannot discover such evidence yourselves. It is the purity of heart filling our mind as well as word and actions, which is everywhere insisted on, that distinguishes it from all the other teachings, that commends it to my conscience. Whether my heart be willing and obedient or not, the inducement that it holds out is another reason of my conviction of its truth and genuineness, but I do not here omit this my last argument on the Bible that eternal life is what my soul is panting after this moment. I mention that as a reason for endeavoring to leave a valuable copy of the Bible, to be carefully preserved in remembrance of me, to so many of my posterity instead of some other book at equal cost.

I beseech you all to live in habitual contentment with moderate circumstances and gains of worldly store, and earnestly to teach this to your children and children's children after you, by example as well as precept. Be determined to know by experience, as soon as may be, whether Bible instruction is of divine origin or not. Be sure to owe no man anything, but to love one another. John Rogers wrote to his children, "Abhor that arrant whore of Rome." John Brown writes to his children to abhor, with undying hatred also, that sum of all villanies—slavery. Remember, he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. Remember, also, that they, being wise, shall shine, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.

And now, dearly beloved family, to God and the word of His Grace I commend you all.

Your affectionate husband and father,

John Brown.

TO HIS WIFE.

Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va.,
16th Nov., 1859.

My Dear Wife: I write you in answer to a most kind letter of Nov. 13, from dear Mrs. ——. I owe her ten thousand thanks, for her kindness to *you particularly and more especially* than for what she has done, and is doing in a more direct way for me personally. Although I feel grateful for every expression of kindness or sympathy towards me, yet nothing can so effectually minister to my comfort as acts of kindness done to relieve the wants or mitigate the sufferings of my poor distressed family. May *God Almighty and their own conscience* be their eternal rewarders. I am exceedingly grateful to have you make the acquaintance, and be surrounded by such choice friends, as I have *long known* some of those to be, with whom you are staying, by reputation. I am most glad to have you meet with one *of a family* (or I would rather say of two families) *most beloved and never to be forgotten by me.* I mean *dear, gentle* ——. *Many and many* a time has *she*, her *father, mother, brothers, sisters, uncle and aunt* (like angels of mercy), ministered to the wants of myself and of my poor sons, both in sickness and in health. Only last year I lay sick for quite a number of weeks with them, and was cared for *by all*, as though I had been a most affectionate brother or father. *Tell her* that I ask God to bless and reward them *all* forever. "*I was* a stranger, and they took me in." It may possibly be that — — would like to copy this letter, and send it to her home. If so, by all means, let her do so. *I would write them* if I had the power.

Now let me say a word about the effort to educate our daughters. I am no longer able to provide means to help towards that object, and it, therefore, becomes me not to dictate in the matter. I shall gratefully submit the direction of the whole thing to those whose generosity may lead them to undertake it in their behalf, while I give *anew* a little expression of my own choice respecting it. You, my wife, *perfectly well know* that I have always expressed a decided preference for a very *plain, but perfectly practical*, education for both *sons and daughters*. I do not mean an education so very miserable as that *you and I* received in early life, nor as some of our children enjoyed. When I say plain, but practical, I mean enough of the learning of the schools to enable them to transact the common business of life comfortably and respectably, together with that thorough training to good business habits which best prepares both men and women to be *useful, though poor*, and to meet the *stern* realities of life with a good grace. You well know that I always claimed that the *music* of the broom, wash-tub, needle, spindle, loom, axe, scythe, hoe, flail, &c., should first be learned at all events, and that of the piano, &c., afterwards. I put them in that order as most conducive to health of body and mind; and for the obvious reason that, after a life of some *experience and of much observation*, I have found *ten women* as well as *ten men* who have made their mark in life *right*, whose early training was of that *plain, practical* kind, to *one* who had a more popular and fashionable *early* training. But enough of this.

Now, in regard to your coming here: If you feel sure that you can endure the trials and the shock, which will be *unavoidable* (if you come), I should be most glad to see you *once more*; but when I think of your being insulted on the road, and perhaps *while here*, and of only seeing your wretchedness made complete, *I shrink* from it. Your composure and fortitude of mind may be *quite equal to it all*; but I am in *dreadful doubt* of it. *If you do come*, defer your journey till about the 27th or 28th of this month. The scenes which you will have to pass through on coming here will be *anything but those* you now pass, with tender-hearted friends, and kind faces to meet you everywhere. *Do consider the matter well* before you make the *plunge*. I think I had better say *no more* on this *most painful* subject. My health improves a little; my mind is very tranquil, I may say joyous, and I continue to receive every kind attention that I have any possible need of. I wish you to send copies of all my letters to all our poor children. What I write to one must answer for all, till I have more strength. I get numerous kind letters from friends in almost all directions, to encourage me to "be of good cheer," and I still have, *as I trust*, "the peace of God to rule in my heart." May God, for Christ's sake, ever make his face to shine on you all. Your affectionate husband, John Brown.

From a subsequent letter, dated Nov. 24, we make the following extract.

I have had many interesting visits from pro-slavery persons, almost daily, and I endeavor to *improve them faithfully, plainly and kindly.* I do not think I ever enjoyed life better than since my confinement here. For this I am indebted to *Infinite Grace*, and kind letters from friends from different quarters. I wish I could only know that all my poor family were as composed and as happy as *I*. I think nothing but the Christian religion could ever make any one so composed.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this.

John Brown.

TO HIS WIFE.

Extract from the last letter received by Mrs. Brown, before she started to go to Charlestown, bearing date Charlestown, Jefferson County, Va., Nov. 25, 1859, in which, after referring to his wife's being under Mrs. Mott's roof, he proceeds to say:

* * * I remember the faithful old lady well, but presume she has no recollection of me. I once set myself to oppose a mob at Boston, where she was. After I interfered, the police immediately took up the matter, and soon put a stop to mob proceedings. The meeting was, I think, in Marlboro' street Church, or Hotel, perhaps. I am glad to have you make the acquaintance of such old "Pioneers" in the cause. I have just received from Mr. John Jay, of New York, a draft for $50 (fifty dollars), for the benefit of my family, and will inclose it, made payable to your order. I have also $15 (fifteen dollars), to send to our crippled and destitute married son; when I can, I intend to send you, by express, two or three little articles to carry home. Should you happen to meet with Mr. Jay, say to him that you fully appreciate his great kindness both to me and my family. God bless all such friends. It is out of my power to reply to all the kind and encouraging letters I get; I wish I could do so. I have been so much relieved from my lameness for the last three or four days as to be able to sit up to read and write pretty much all day, as well as part of the night; and I do assure you and all other friends that I am quite busy, and none the less happy on that account. The time passes quite pleasantly, and the near approach of my great change is not the occasion of any particular dread.

I trust that God, who has sustained me so long, will not forsake me when I most feel my need of Fatherly aid and support. Should He hide His face, my spirit will droop and die; but not otherwise, be assured. My only anxiety is to be properly assured of my fitness for the company of those who are "washed from all filthiness," and for the presence of Him who is infinitely pure. I certainly think I do have some "hunger and thirst after righteousness." If it be only genuine, I make no doubt I "shall be filled." Please let all our friends read my letters when you can; and ask them to accept of it as in part for them. I am inclined to think you will not be likely to succeed well about getting away the bodies of your family; but should that be so, do not let that grieve you. It can make but little difference what is done with them.

* * * * * *

You can well remember the changes you have passed through. Life is made up of a series of changes, and let us try to meet them in the best manner possible. You will not wish to make yourself and children any more burdensome to friends than you are really compelled to do. I would not.

I will close this by saying that if you now feel that you are equal to the undertaking, do exactly as you feel disposed to do about coming to see me before I suffer. I am entirely willing. Your affectionate husband,

[Signed] John Brown.

TO HIS SON JASON.

Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va.,
Nov. 22, 1859.

Dear Children: Your most welcome letters of the 16th inst. I have just received, and I bless God that he has enabled you to bear the heavy tidings of our disaster, with so much seeming resignation and composure of mind. That is exactly the thing I have wished you all to do for me—to be cheerful, and perfectly resigned to the holy will of a wise and good God. I bless His most holy name, that I am (I trust), in some good measure, able to do the same. I am even "joyful in all my tribulations," even since my confinement, and I humbly trust that "I know in whom I have trusted." A calm peace (perhaps), like that which your own dear mother felt, in view of her last change, seems to fill my mind by day and by night. Of this, neither the powers of "earth or hell" can deprive me. Do not, dear children, any of you, grieve for a single moment on my account. As I trust my life has not been thrown away, so I also humbly trust that my death shall not be in vain. God can make it to be a thousand times more valuable to His own cause than all the miserable service (at best) that I have rendered it during my life. When I was first taken, I was too feeble to write much, so I wrote what I could to North Elba, requesting Ruth and Anne to send you copies of all my letters to them. I hope they have done so, and that you, Ellen, will do the same with what I may send to you, as it is still quite a labor for me to write all that I need to. I want your brothers to know what I write, if you know where to reach them. I wrote Jeremiah, a few days since, to supply a trifling assistance, $15, to such of you as might be most destitute. I got his letter, but do not know as he got mine. I hope to get another letter from him soon. I also asked him to show you my letter. I know of nothing you can any of you now do for me, unless it is to comfort your own hearts, and cheer and encourage each other, to trust in God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. If you will keep his sayings, you shall certainly "know of his doctrine, whether it be of God or no." Nothing can be more grateful to me than your earnest sympathy, except it be to know that you are fully persuaded to be Christians. And now, dear children, farewell for this time. I hope to be able to write you again. The God of my Father, take you for His children. Your affectionate father, John Brown.

Note.—The remittance referred to was unquestionably intended for Owen Brown, who escaped from Harper's Ferry, but is supposed to be destitute, even of a change of clothing. The significant allusion in the letter shows that the father was confident of Owen's safety.—*Akron (O.) Beacon.*

TO HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

Charlestown, Jefferson County, Va.,
8th November, 1859.

Dear Wife and Children, every one: I will begin by saying that I have in some degree recovered from my wounds, but that I am quite weak in my back and sore about my left kidney. My appetite has been quite good for most of the time since I was hurt. I am supplied with almost everything I could desire to make me comfortable, and the little I do lack (some articles of clothing, which I lost) I may perhaps soon get again. I am, besides, quite cheerful, having (as I trust) the peace of God which "passeth all understanding" to "rule in my heart," and the testimony (in some degree) of a good conscience that I have not lived altogether in vain. I can trust God with both the time and the manner of my death, believing, as I now do, that for me at this time to seal my testimony (for God and Humanity) with my blood will do vastly more toward advancing the cause I have earnestly endeavored to promote than all I have done in my life before. I beg of you all meekly and quietly to submit to this; not feeling yourselves in the least *degraded* on that account. Remember, dear wife and children all, that Jesus of Nazareth suffered a most excruciating death on the cross as a felon—under the most aggravating circumstances. Think, also, of the prophets, and apostles, and Christians of former days, who went through greater tribulations than you or I; and (try) to be reconciled. May God Almighty comfort all your hearts, and soon wipe away all tears from your eyes. To him be endless praise. Think, too, of the crushed millions who "have no comforter." I charge you all never (in your trials) to forget the griefs "of the poor that cry, and of those that have none to help them." I wrote most earnestly to my dear and afflicted wife not to come on for the present at any rate. I will now give her my reasons for doing so. First, it would use up all the scanty means she has, or is at all likely to have to make herself and children comfortable hereafter. For let me tell you that the sympathy that is now aroused in your behalf may not always follow you. There is but little more of the romantic about helping poor widows and their children than there is about trying to relieve poor "niggers." Again, the little comfort it might afford us to meet again would be dearly bought by the pains of a final separation. We must part, and I feel assured for us to meet under such dreadful circumstances would only add to our distress. If she come on here, she must be only a gazing stock throughout the whole journey, to be remarked upon in every look, word, and action, and by all sorts of creatures, and by all sorts of papers throughout the whole country. Again, it is my most decided judgment that in quietly and submissively staying at home vastly more of generous sympathy will reach her, without such dreadful sacrifice of feeling as she must put up with if she comes on. The visits of one or two female friends that have come on here have produced great excitement, which is very annoying, and they cannot possibly do me any good. Oh, Mary, do not come, but patiently wait for the meeting (of those who love God "They shall go no more out forever." I greatly long to hear from some one of you, and to learn anything that in any way affects your welfare. I sent you $10 the other day—did you get it? I have also endeavored to stir up Christian friends to visit and write to you in your deep affliction. I have no doubt that some of them at least will heed the call. Write to me, care of Capt. John Avis, Charlestown, Jefferson County, Va.

"Finally, my beloved, be of good comfort. May all your names be "written in the Lamb's book of life"—may you all have the purifying and sustaining influence of the Christian religion—is the earnest prayer of your affectionate husband and father, John Brown.

P. S.—I cannot remember a night so dark as to have hindered the coming day; nor a storm so furious or dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine and a cloudless sky. But, beloved ones, do remember that this is not your rest; that in this world you have no abiding place or continuing city. To God and His Infinite mercy I always commend you. J. B.

Nov. 9.

THE JOHN BROWN FUND—HIS VIEWS AND FEELINGS IN REGARD TO IT.

Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va.,
Nov. 27, 1859.

Thaddeus Hyatt, Esq.—*My Dear Sir:* Your very acceptable letter of the 24th inst. has just been handed to me. I am certainly most obliged to you for it, and for all your efforts in behalf of my family and myself. I can form no idea of the objections to your mode of operating in their behalf, to which my friend, Dr. —— refers; and I suppose it is now too late for any explanations from him that would enlighten me. It, your effort, at any rate, takes from my mind the greatest burden I have felt since my imprisonment, to feel assured that, in some way, my shattered and broken-hearted wife and children would be so far relieved as to save them from great physical suffering. Others may have devised a better way of doing it. I had no advice in regard to it, and felt very grateful to know, while I was yet living, of almost any active measure being taken. I hope no offence is taken at yourself or me in the matter. I am beginning to familiarize my mind with new and very different scenes. Am very cheerful. Farewell, my friend. John Brown.

TO HIS WIFE.

Extract from a letter to his wife, written by John Brown, about thirteen years ago, on hearing of the death of one of his little children by fire:

* * * I trust that none of you will feel disposed to cast an unreasonable blame on my dear Ruth on account of the dreadful trial we are called to suffer; for, if the want of proper care in each and all of us has not been attended with fatal consequences, it is no thanks to us. If I had a right sense of my habitual neglect of my family's eternal interests, I should go crazy. I humbly hope this dreadful afflictive Providence will lead us all more properly to appreciate the amazing, unforeseen, untold consequences that hang upon the right or